THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I KNOW.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ANNIE SEARS FISKE.

I know how you will weep,
When the grave is ope'd for me,
How heavy, by my lifeless face,
Your warm, warm heart will be;
How dark and still the quiet room,
How dank the coffin-smell,
When Death shuts out the morning light,
And I've bade love farewell!

I know how you will shrink,
When joy and daylight die,
From seeing in the falling gloom,
My death-dulled face and eye—
And tremble lest my ghostly feet
Walk through the awful night—
Not warmly as they used to come,
But cold with mold and blight.

I know how Time will bring
Calm healing for your tears—
That you'll forget how I have held
Your heart in other years.
Ah! never smile so sweet and sad,
And chide my doubtings. Nay,
Love dies a slow, dull death, when graves
Lie green across his way!

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "ARTIST'S BRIDE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MOORLAND," "FORGED WILL," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVI.

SHOT DOWN AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

On quitting the rancho, I could not see the point I wished to reach, owing to an intervening swell of ground; but knowing this must also conceal me from the object of my quest, I made no haste to cross it, but kept along the base of the slope till I entered a balmy wood, whose broad, heavy foliage both served to screen me from human eyes and the burning rays of a tropical sun. Just before entering this wood I looked back, and perceived my two companions and Benita standing upon the *azotea* of the rancho. Benita waved her hand to me; and returning the salutation, I rode from her sight—little dreaming then of what I was destined to pass through ere I should look upon her sweet, sad face again.

Pushing through the wood, I made a somewhat long circuit, in order to come upon the object I sought from a direction that would force it to fly toward the rancho if at all; and I had just turned my horse toward what I believed to be the proper point, and was urging him through a narrow belt of intervening chaparral, when suddenly I felt his bit roughly seized, and saw, like a flitting shadow, the outline of a man glide under his neck and breast. Startled, but not losing my presence of mind, I instantly drew a pistol; but before I could use it, I saw a bright flash near my eyes, felt a dizzy sensation of being struck and falling, and then darkness and unconsciousness succeeded.

It was many hours ere I again opened my eyes to the realities of an earthly existence; and then it was many minutes ere I could conjecture where I was, or remember what had happened. It was dark around me—I was lying upon my back—above me softly fluttered dense clusters of leaves, and through their interstices, as I lay, I caught some faint glimpses of the far-off twinkling stars. Where was I? I put out my hands and arms, and instantly felt the sharp thorns of the surrounding thicket lacerating my naked flesh. Yes, naked flesh! for I had been stripped of everything and left for dead—though it was not until I had slowly and carefully passed my hands over my body and limbs, and brought them in contact with the coagulated blood of a severe wound near my left temple, that I fairly comprehended the horrors of my situation.

Yes, I had been shot down like a dog! and it was only by the mercy of an Overruling Providence that I was still an inhabitant of earth. I recalled the rough seizure of my horse, and the flash before my eyes; and my wounded head, naked body, and the lapse of time which had brought day into night, proved all the rest.

Yes I had been shot down, and robbed of everything, and left for dead!—but by whom? The purpose was clear—plunder had undoubtedly been the object—but who was the author or authors of the deed? This I could not know, nor consequently what I had still to fear. Where was I? The inference was, that I was near the spot where I had been shot down: it was not probable the murder-intending ruffian or ruffians had removed my supposed dead body to a distant place; and if I was really where I had fallen, it was less than a mile to the rancho, where I might possibly still find my companions.

This was the first cheering thought that flashed upon my brain; and acting upon the hope that it might be in my power to reach them and be saved, I slowly gathered myself upon my feet, protecting myself as well as I could from the sharp brambles that pressed upon me from every side. I felt weak, dizzy, and confused; and for several minutes I could only support myself by taking hold of the surrounding shrubbery; but at length the blood began to circulate more naturally through my body and limbs, and I began to pick my way slowly through the thorny thicket.

It was at least some half-an-hour before I reached the open fields in which stood the rancho; and then I set off in the proper direction as fast as I could walk; though not, it must be confessed, with any very agreeable feelings—for I was alone, weak, wounded, naked and unarmed—in a country inhabited by my enemies if at all—and should I not succeed in finding my friends, there was no calculating what terrible doom might still be in reserve for me.

About half way between the rancho and the point where I left the wood, there was the bed of what, during the rainy season, must have been quite a formidable stream, but along which now only trickled a tiny rill, whose breadth I could have covered with my two hands. It was a perfect Godsend to me, however—for a consuming thirst was upon me, and a fever in all my veins—and I hailed it with the same joy that the perishing traveller hails the spring of the desert; and casting myself down beside it, I eagerly drank the most delicious draughts that ever passed my lips. Next I bathed my head and temples, and washed the blood from my face and wound. The latter, evidently made by a pistol-ball, was, as I have said, near the left temple, about an inch in length, and furrowed to the bone, which was bare, and so tender that the slightest touch produced intense pain. The ball had struck with force enough to stun me, and probably for the time paralyze the nervous system, but had glanced off without fracturing the skull. I had fallen as one dead, or the ruffians would have made their work sure; and even at this time I felt my case to be critical—for there was a strange, wild feeling in my head, a pressure upon the brain, and a sensation as if I was about to go mad. Bathing my head, I found, brought me some relief; and sitting down by the run, I continued the operation, at intervals, for nearly an hour; at the end of which time, feeling much better, I again arose and set off toward the rancho.

On ascending the swell of ground mentioned at the opening of this chapter—for the gentle elevation hardly deserved the name of hill—I once more came in sight of the rancho, lying at no great distance, the main building dimly seen in the gloom, with a few dark spots clustered near it, which I knew to be the miserable huts of the peons. All was quiet and silent—not a sound to be heard, nor a light to be seen. Were my friends still there? I hardly dared hope they were. And if not? If not! Good heavens! the very thought sent the blood in a wild rush to my head, and I staggered and fell.

How long I remained unconscious the second time, I do not know; but when reason again returned, I found myself sitting by the stream, mechanically dipping up water with my hand and placing it upon my head. I had a strange, confused remembrance of something like a feverish dream; and I now believe I had been delirious meantime, and been guided by my good angel, or some other kind Providence, to adopt the only means which could have saved my life.

I continued bathing my head for several minutes, and then once more set off toward the rancho. It now occurred to me, as the first best thing I could do, to search the huts for something, no matter how ragged or filthy, to cover my nakedness; and, with this purpose in view, I cautiously entered the first one I came to. It was a low, thatched, earthen dwelling, hardly fit for a dog-kennel, and I was obliged to stoop considerably to enter the door. All was dark and still within; and dropping upon my hands and knees, I groped my way around the walls. In one corner I found some dried leaves and grass, which evidently served the poor occupants for a bed; and soon after, to my great joy, I placed my hand upon a garment. With tremulous haste I raised it up, and examined it by the sense of touch; but it would be necessary for one to be placed in my situation, to comprehend the almost ecstatic delight I experienced on discovering that I held in my hands a pair of trowsers. True, the garment was of the coarsest stuff, and might be ragged and filthy; but still it was a garment; and, to one in my unfortunate situation, a greater prize than a chest of gold. I hastened to draw on the trowsers, which by good fortune proved to be amply large, and then continued my search. I next got hold of a very primitive article, sometimes worn by the lower orders, which was neither more nor less than a large sack, with a hole cut through the bottom for the head, and one at either side for the arms. I hastened to thrust my head and arms through this; and then, finding my body fairly covered, and that the fever was beginning to act again upon my brain, I hastened back to the stream, and spent another half-an-hour in bathing my head, which again brought me relief.

Being now clothed—though in a style that the meanest beggar would have despised, and without any covering to my head or feet—I did not feel that awful despondency which had before come upon me at the thought that perhaps my friends were gone—for now I could travel, though in never so humble a guise—and the distance was not so great but that I might reach Soto la Marina before again tasting food.

But were my friends still at the rancho? That was the important question, which I wished, and yet did not wish, answered; for while I was in uncertainty I could hope, and I was fearful of having my hope destroyed by learning the truth. Yet it was necessary I should know—for the night was wearing away, and daylight might reveal to me enemies instead of friends.

And the thought of enemies brought up another thought; which was, that, with the garments I had on, I might, with a little trouble, so disguise myself as to be mistaken for some poor, miserable peasant, not worth the powder it would cost to shoot him; and should I chance to meet the very parties who had robbed me, it was not unlikely, in my coarse and dirty attire, with everything else corresponding, they would pass me by with contempt.

But to make everything else correspond, I saw it would be necessary to besmear my arms, face, hands, head, and feet with dirt, and thus give myself the appearance of one who dragged out a servile life, without ever indulging in the luxury of ablution. For this purpose I sought for some moist clay; and having at length found it, I applied a pretty good coating to my person and clothes, and rubbed it even into my hair; and then, believing myself so truly disfigured that my best friend would not know me, and no one in his senses mistake me for a gentleman, and especially for a gay, dashing officer of the Patriot army, I set off toward the rancho, determined to know the worst.

But I had not gone far, when I felt some sharp pains shoot through my head—an enervating, deathly sickness come over me—followed by a vomitory action that lasted some ten or fifteen minutes, and which left me somewhat better, but so exhausted that for the next half hour I made no attempt to rise from the grass-covered earth which had become my temporary bed.

At length I once more staggered to my feet, and once more returned to the rill; and having again drank, and bathed my head, I once more set off for the main dwelling.

In the line of my present course there was a small clump of trees, about a hundred yards from the gate; and just as I reached these, a dark figure sprung out before me and placed a pistol to my head.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BANDIT CHIEF.

"Halt, and make no resistance, or you are a dead man!" said a sharp, stern voice.

"I could not make any resistance if I wanted to," returned I, quietly, imitating as well as I could the *patois* of the country.

"Who are you?" demanded my captor.

"You can see, your worship, I am but a poor, hard-faring peon, and your humble slave."

He pushed me back from the shadow of the trees, and examined me in the more open light of the stars, while he himself remained concealed in the gloom.

"I see," he said, contemptuously, "you are a lazy, dirty knave—lazy because dirty, and dirty because lazy. To whom do you belong?"

The change in his voice, from the sternness of command to the contemptuous sneer, brought back a familiar tone, that roused suspicion and filled me with dread, though by an effort I concealed my feelings. The question too was a perplexing one; for should I not answer it at once and boldly, it would awaken his suspicions; and should I name a master whom he might chance to know more about than I, he would probably discover my falsity, conclude me to be dangerous, and blow my brains out for revenge and safety. But there was no alternative, and no time for delay; and so, without apparent hesitation, I promptly replied:

"Don Ramon de La Mora, Senor."

"Ha! were you with him when he was attacked?"

"No, your worship—I was to follow him—but when I came here he was gone."

"And why did you not follow him still?"

"I did not know where to find him."

"How did you hear he was attacked?"

"Your worship gave me the first information."

"But you replied as if it were a matter already known to you, creating no surprise."

"It did surprise me, Senor—but I could not doubt, because your worship had said it."

"Umph! dirty as you are, you know how to flatter, I see."

"Only by speaking the truth, Senor. If your worship would condescend to tell me of the attack, I should be very deeply obliged."

"What is that to me, you knave, whether you would be deeply obliged or not? But what do you want to know?"

"Who it was attacked Don Ramon, and whether he was killed, and whether he lost his money!"

"Well, he was attacked by a small detachment of Rebels, and the money taken from him; but the Rebels were in turn assailed by a superior force of Royalists, and the prize recaptured: so your master went on his way rejoicing."

So then there had been a skirmish, or a battle, between my friends and foes; but though I was eager for all the particulars, I thought it prudent not to seem so.

"How long have you been here?" pursued my captor.

"I came here in the morning, Senor."

"Was there any one in the rancho at that time?"

"The place was deserted then, Senor, but a body of soldiers had just marched past."

"What became of them?"

"I do not know."

"Were they mounted, or on foot?"

"The first party was on foot, Senor."

I said this at a venture, for I had reason to suppose that Colonel Perry had passed the rancho with his command; and as I had taken upon me the character of a humble peon, messenger and spy, I found it necessary to sustain it by such statements as were probably facts.

"There were two parties then?" said my interrogator.

"Yes, your worship—one mounted and one on foot."

"What became of the mounted party?"

"I do not know, Senor—I saw them ride into the place, but did not see them leave it."

"And where were you all this time?"

"Sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another, on the lookout for my friends and enemies."

"Were you at any time inside of yonder dwelling?"

"Yes, your worship, I took refuge in there, and afterward came near losing my life."

"In what way?"

"Why, three dragoons rode in there, and stabled their horses; and finding a suitable opportunity, I mounted one of the horses; and soon after I was shot down; and that is the last I remember till I found myself lying upon the ground outside the rancho."

"Is there any one within the dwelling now?"

"I do not know, Senor."

"You can go and ascertain?"

"If your worship desires it."

"If you see and are addressed by any one, do not mention the fact of there being any one else in the vicinity, and come back here as soon as you can!"

"I will remember, Senor."

"Stop! what is your name?"

"Edmondo."

"What do you intend to do with yourself?"

"Get to him I serve, Senor."

"Well, Edmondo, I am a friend of your master; and if you are faithful, I will, when I see him, make a good report of you."

"Many thanks, Senor."

"Now go forward, but quietly, and return speedily—I will wait for you."

With a beating heart and a swimming brain, I hastened to the gate of the dwelling and found it ajar. Alas! too well I guessed the unpleasant truth—my friends were gone. But whither? Had they returned to Soto la Marina and taken Benita with them? or had they been made prisoners by the same force which had defeated Colonel Perry? or perhaps by the party which had shot me down? for I was now well satisfied there were several concerned in my robbery. I of course could know nothing, and it was useless to conjecture.

I entered the *patio*, and called aloud. No one answered. I went to the stables. The horses were gone. The whole building was evidently tenantless.

So far I had obeyed the orders of my captor; but I now held an argument with myself, as to whether, under the circumstances, it were better for me to return to the personage in waiting, whose identity I more than suspected, or attempt to escape by immediate flight. I chose the former, for various reasons; and hastening back, I reported the *case grande* untenanted.

"It may be as well then for us to withdraw," I heard him mutter to himself.

Then stepping out from the dark shade of the trees, and revealing to my searching eyes the small, wiry form of Don Pedro Ormentz, my late guide, he said, with a kind of careless indifference:

"Edmondo, you can come with me."

"Where, your worship?"

"Wherever I may see proper to go—I do not always condescend to satisfy the inquisitive."

"Am I to consider myself your prisoner, Senor?"

"Prisoner?" he repeated, wheeling about quickly and surveying me contemptuously: "why, knave, what do you know about the term prisoner? Umph! poor dog! did you fancy yourself of sufficient importance for me to take you prisoner? Remember you are only a slave, and it can matter nothing to you whom you serve, provided you get enough to eat, without too many stripes. Prisoner indeed!"

"But it does matter, your worship—"

"Silence, knave!" he interrupted, "or you shall feel the weight of my hand!" And then, in a somewhat milder tone, he added: "I will not treat you worse than you have been treated: and if you serve me well, I will put you in a way to get gold and be a gentleman."

"Oh, will you, sir?" I rejoined, affecting to be much surprised and delighted: "I always thought I should like to be a gentleman!"

"How would you like to have a horse of your own to ride?"

"Oh, that would be too much happiness! the saints bless your noble worship! Your worship must be some great man!"

"Not very great in size," he laughed. And then he added, gravely: "But I have a name that makes the great ones tremble! Would you like to know my name, Edmondo?" he inquired, in a kind of playful tone, probably entering into the humor of astonishing a poor, ignorant peasant.

"Above all things, noble Senor, I should like to know the name of so great a man as your worship must be."

"But if I tell you, you must not reveal it."

"I will remember, Senor."

"You must swear."

"By all the saints, I swear to remember, Senor!"

"Now do not be terrified—I will not harm you—but, on the contrary, make you a gentleman."

"Oh, sir, I will not be terrified by anything less than the loss of your worship's favor!"

"By San Christobal! you are no fool of a knave, at all events!" he laughed. "A willing heart would make you worth your weight in gold to me. Well, here, a question: "Did you ever hear of a robber called Romanillo?"

"Hear of him?" cried I, crossing myself; "why, he is the terror of the whole country!"

"And where do you think he is now?"

"How should I know, Senor? He went off south—but I heard Don Ramon tell an officer he feared he was back again."

"Ha! ha! he feared he was back, did he?"

"Yes, Senor; and he told too how, some years ago, this dreadful Romanillo walked into his house, and asked him for the hand of his daughter, or twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Ha! ha! the old fool remembers that, eh?—a capital joke! La Senorita Carlota was very pretty then, and is very beautiful now; but if I had been Romanillo, I should have preferred the money to her."

"Well, he got the money; and Don Ramon says he was very honest—for he only took what he asked for—though there were ten thousand more dollars in the vault."

"And he made a marvel of that, the old fool!" sneered the chief; "as if a man could not be a freebooter and yet be honest in his dealings! If he asked for twenty-five thousand dollars, he would have been a scoundrel to have touched a real more, no matter how much was placed before him."

"Are all robbers thus honest, Senor?" inquired I, with an air of rustic simplicity.

"If not, they ought to be, to keep the profession from being disgraced; but there are petty knaves in every state of society, and of course some of these find their way in among the best organized banditti. But speaking of Romanillo—pray tell me what sort of a looking person you have pictured him to be!"

"Why," said I, "so terrible a man ought to be a great giant, with hideous features, his face all covered with a long, black beard, and his head, and all the rest of his body also, with long, shaggy hair."

"Ha! ha! ha! my knave! you describe very well what every body fears. So then you would not suppose the dreadful Romanillo to be a small, delicate man like me?"

"*You*, noble Senor?—Why, he ought to be able to eat you up at one meal!"

My interrogator laughed heartily; and then seizing me by the arm, and fixing his small, black eyes keenly upon mine, he said, in a stern, chilling tone, that, in spite of me, fairly made my flesh creep and blood run cold:

"Remember your oath! *I am Romanillo!*"

Although I was prepared for and expecting this announcement, yet when it really came, uttered in a tone so terribly impressive, I cannot deny that I was startled, and felt something of the fear and awe which seemed to be universally inspired whenever and wherever that dreadful name was mentioned. My assumed character permitted, and even I fancied required, me to appear really terrified; and so I sunk down on my knees, clasped my hands, and called on the saints for protection, naming all I could remember, beginning with the Virgin of Guadalupe.

But though I was thus only acting a part, yet there seemed something so self-debasing in cringing, even in show, to a blood-stained robber, whom, with one blow of my fist, I could probably have stretched senseless at my feet, that I more than once felt tempted to spring up suddenly and give him his deserts.

And this was the man—this little piece of human embodiment—whose bare name was sufficient to terrify a whole country—the young and the old—the weak and the strong! Oh, what a wonderful power has a single human mind! when, rising above the surrounding level of its fellows, all its vital energies are directed to a certain end, be that end for good or evil.

The bandit-chief seemed to regard my abject prostration as a matter of course—as a something due from an inferior to a superior—and in a quiet, indolent attitude, he waited and listened, till the name of the last saint in my memory had been invoked, and then he said:

"Rise, Edmondo! be faithful, and you have

nothing to fear. Romanillo wars not against persons of your class and caste, but against the rich and powerful, your tyrannical masters and oppressors. No, be one of us, in heart and soul, and you have nothing to fear, and in my faithful band you will find many a genial companion of your walk in life."

"But," said I, with some hesitation, not knowing exactly how far it would be safe to venture my objections, "I am afraid I am not calculated for your profession—for my conscience tells me I should be doing wrong to take from another what is his and not mine."

"Poh! poh! that is nothing—you will soon get over that! It is a law of nature for the strong to plunder the weak. Your master robs you—his superior robs him—the fourth robs the third—and the government robs all. It is simply a chain of aggressions; beginning with the poor peon, the lowest—and extending up to the proud Viceroy, the highest—who is a greater robber and cutthroat than I can ever hope to be, and second only to his Royal Master, the King of Spain."

"Ah!" said I, staggering; "my head feels very bad! Will your worship permit me to go yonder to a little run and bathe it?"

"But will that do you any good?"

"I have several times tried it, Senor, and found great relief from it."

"Go, then, and I will accompany you."

"Ah! do not let me put your worship to so much trouble!" said I, hoping to get off alone, and thus make my escape—a matter which I then supposed easy to accomplish—but which, to my deep regret, I soon discovered to be a very great mistake.

"*You* put *me* to trouble!" sneered Romanillo: "come, I like that! as if I would suffer any one less than Romanillo himself to put *me* to trouble! No, knave! what I do, I do on my own account—not yours! Come! push on—and I will follow—and remember, if you attempt to escape, a pistol ball moves faster than a man."

"Oh, Senor, you look upon me with distrust at the very moment when my hopes make me your slave!"

"Well, never mind—push on! push on!"

"As fast as I can, Senor; but I am very weak, and my sight is unsteady."

"Stop! let me see your wound."

I trembled. Suppose he should chance to recognize me?—could I hope for mercy from a man whom I had probably made my mortal foe by detaining him under guard at the hacienda of Palo Alto? Our positions were now reversed. Then I was master—now he held my life in his hands—and with what exultation would he make the discovery!

He examined my wound, and expressed surprise that I had not been killed at once; and even as it was, he thought there was much danger of a brain fever.

"By-the-by," he pursued, as we walked on toward the run, "which of the three men that entered the rancho shot you?"

"I did not see the man who fired the pistol," returned I.

"Was not one of these three men an officer?"

"He was dressed like one," replied I, wondering what was coming next.

"Well, it is probable that he either shot you himself, or that you were shot by his orders; and in either case it may be pleasant for you to hear that he himself met with the same bloody death he intended for you."

"Is he dead, then?" inquired I, with what feelings I leave the reader to imagine.

"Yes, quite dead, poor fellow!" returned the blood-stained outlaw, in a tone of mock pity. "I pulled trigger on him myself, and I never fail."

Merciful heavens! here stood I, side by side with my intended murderer, listening to his avowal of the bloody deed, which, as he believed had hurried me from time to eternity! My first impulse was to spring upon him and take my revenge. But I instantly remembered he was armed, and probably on his guard; while I, without a weapon, was at the moment so dizzy and confused that I could scarcely stand. Besides, it was not likely he was here alone; and before attempting anything desperate, I wished to ascertain my chances of escape.

"Yes," he continued, as one vocalizing his thoughts, and at the same time intending his remarks to be heard, "we were keeping an eye upon the rancho, not knowing how many it might contain—(and I known there were only three! but no matter!)—when this officer rode forth directly toward us; and discovering in him a hated enemy, I took care that he should not return. Now I remember, his wound must have been very much like yours, Edmondo!"

"And does your worship think he escaped also?" inquired I, making a bold venture, in order to root up the very seeds of suspicion.

"Oh, no—he did not escape!" said the outlaw, with compressed lips, and speaking in that peculiar tone which I have before mentioned as producing such a strange and startling effect. "He had incurred the hatred of Romanillo, and whomsoever *he* hates he punishes!"

We had now reached the water; and sitting down by it, I once more began to bathe my head and temples.

"While you are about it," said the robber, "you had better give yourself a thorough washing—for you look like one who has never before had such a blessed privilege."

This suggestion was a startling one to me—for I knew if I should remove the clay I had put on, and expose my fair skin, I should run no little risk of being recognized by my most bitter foe, even in the dim light of the stars; and it needed no seer to foretell that such a recognition would place me beyond the bounds of mercy and of hope. What was to be done? Should I fail to comply with the simple request of a man like Romanillo, it was almost certain I should incur his displeasure; any excuse might excite suspicion; to pretend to do it, and not do it, would make matters no better; and to remove my disguise was almost certain death.

There seemed to me but one course, and that was to seize and disarm the robber, and be governed by circumstances afterward. True, should I fail, my life would be the penalty; but then a simple recognition would amount to the same thing, and it was a risk of life to be either active or passive.

I had just come to the determination to make a captive of my captor; and though bent down to the tiny stream, and busily engaged in applying the fever-allaying water to my head and temples, I was furtively watching for a favorable moment to make the bold and desperate spring that would "give me liberty or give me death," when, as if in answer to my inmost thoughts, the outlaw said:

"Edmondo, I want you to become one of us—to join my band and take the oath of fidelity. As to your scruples of conscience, I care nothing about them—for conscience is a thing which every man easily regulates to suit his circumstances. You are to all appearance naturally strong and active, and you can be of service to me, and I to you. Nor will you, in joining us, join a forlorn hope, as I will soon convince you. If you have at any time thought it an easy matter for you to escape, I will at once undeceive you. You may have supposed that we were here alone, man to man—and that if you were once beyond my reach, I should have no power over you—when the fact is, you are surrounded by a line of as brave and daring spirits as ever lived; and who would do my bidding without a murmur, were it even to cut the throat of the Archbishop himself. Listen! you shall have proof."

Saying this, he placed two fingers between his lips, and sent forth a long, loud, shrill whistle. Scarcely had its echo died away, when, to my surprise and dismay, it was repeated at a distance of some two hundred yards, and then at different distances, in quick succession, more than twenty times, till it had passed entirely round a circle of some half a mile in diameter.

"Now follow me!" said the bandit-chief, in a peremptory tone; and he led the way, taking short, quick steps.

It may readily be believed I did not lag behind, being only too glad of an opportunity to avoid compliance with a request that would doubtless have led to my recognition and death. Having walked about a quarter of a mile, Romanillo halted suddenly, and said:

"Now you shall see what you have heard."

Again placing his fingers to his lips, he produced three short, shrill sounds, in quick succession; and just as the last echo died away, I heard, from every direction, the clattering of horses' hoofs, and presently saw many a dark figure flitting in the dim light and rapidly nearing us as a common centre.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2,50
Two copies, "		4,00
Four copies, "		8,00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent on receipt of five cents.

Address HENRY PETERSON & CO.
No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $60
2. Thirty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $75

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2,50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Ten dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere *for* less than Fifty-five dollars. While if she gets thirty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 2 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight*.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—C. C.'s verses to the Sat. Eve. Post are very good as to the sentiments, but rather deficient as poetry. "Lines," by H. J. are also respectfully declined.

NOTES OF STATE BANKS.

Our subscribers will please not send us the notes of the STATE Banks in payment of their subscriptions, as the National Banks will not receive them on deposit. We give full directions in our "Terms" as to the proper mode of mailing us money.

"BROUGHT TO LIGHT."

We commence in this week's paper, another deeply interesting serial story, BROUGHT TO LIGHT, which we hope no one will omit reading.

"The Rowing Match" will be concluded in a few numbers.

The White Slave grows more and more interesting.

The other contents of this week's paper are all, we think, worthy a place in its columns.

We are glad to learn from our letters and from what people tell us, that THE POST is giving great satisfaction to its readers.

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.—We would suggest to those who find it difficult to get up sufficiently large clubs for this year to procure a Sewing Machine, that they begin *at once* to get *names* for a club for next year. Secure the names as early as possible—and then go around again after a while and get the money.

The Sewing Machine Premium.

Selena H. W. Clark writes from New Castle, Penn., acknowledging the receipt of her Sewing Machine. She says:—

"I am going to try to get up another club in the winter for the LADY'S FRIEND and POST."

Mrs. A. B. Edwards writes from Brandon, Buchanan county, Iowa, as follows:—

"My machine came to hand a week ago, and I delayed acknowledging the receipt until I had tried it. I am working without a teacher, but am doing well, and very much pleased with it. Please accept my thanks for your kindness."

N. C. P. Smith writes from Meredith Village, New Hampshire, as follows:—

"*Messrs. H. Peterson & Co.*:—Please accept my most grateful acknowledgments of the reception of your Premium Sewing Machine, which arrived, all safe, some three weeks since. I wished to fully test its merits before expressing my gratitude, and can truly say it is a good thing and no "humbug," as many have suggested, and I only wonder how you can afford so liberal a reward for the effort of obtaining subscribers for your very valuable book and paper."

THE WORMS AND THE CHOLERA.

The caterpillars that have infested the shade trees of this city for so many years, did not appear in any numbers the present season. Some persons have imputed the riddance to the banishment of the squirrels from our public squares, but this seems too trivial a cause for so wide an effect. In Cincinnati the same thing has occurred, and the Catholic Telegraph says:

"It is a remarkable coincidence that the caterpillars which heretofore destroyed the trees and shrubbery during the summer months, have not made their appearance this year, and the same phenomenon occurred in 1849, when the cholera was so fatal."

If the cholera has really had anything to do with the disappearance of the worms, it shows that its subtle influence in the atmosphere is not an unmixed evil. But it is not wise to conclude so without further and more direct evidence.

One good thing, however, we are getting out of the Cholera, and that is a clean city, and the banishment of a great many offensive nuisances, such as hog-pens in the suburbs. We trust such nuisances will never be allowed to reappear.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

It is a strange thing to see the Paris and London news of the previous day in our morning papers—but we shall soon get so accustomed to it, we suppose, that we shall not notice its strangeness.

As we write this, we see that France will not insist upon the extension of her territory to the Rhine—"desiring Peace far more than territorial aggrandizement!" She hopes also that Prussia will not extend her annexation projects south of the river Main.

Bismarck begins to loom up as a great man, and rival to Louis Napoleon as arbiter of Europe. What a difference success makes in the popular estimation of men and nations!

THE PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT.—After an interruption of five weeks, owing to the Great Fire, that excellent weekly, the Portland Transcript, again makes its appearance to its subscribers and contemporaries. The TRANSCRIPT of course has lost heavily by the fire, and now requests those of its readers who are in arrears to remit at once—which is certainly what all should do without a day's delay. The TRANSCRIPT is emphatically a first-rate paper.

THE CHOLERA.—So far Philadelphia has been greatly favored as respects the cholera. The disease seems to be far more virulent in Brooklyn, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and New Orleans.

LETTER FROM AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Cincinnati, July 28th, 1866.

MESSRS. H. PETERSON & CO.:—My dear sirs, I have noticed a number of letters published by you from persons who have been subscribers to "THE POST" for *many years*, all bearing testimony to the value of the paper, and the continued, as well as increased pleasure afforded them by its perusal. I am induced to add my name, and will state that I think I can safely say, I am (not the oldest inhabitant) one of the oldest and very first subscribers the "Saturday Evening Post" ever had. Sometime in the spring of 1821—upwards of forty-five years ago—I subscribed for the paper; have taken it ever since, take it now, and expect to, not only as long as I live, but that my children and grandchildren will, in this particular, follow in the footsteps of their "illustrious predecessor." Certain it is, the present generation of them would not willingly part with it. Long may it continue to be a blessing to the community, and a source of pleasure and profit to the publishers

Very truly yours, C. W. JAMES.

☞ At Manchester, N. H., a young married girl and a bachelor ran off; the husband saw them as they got seated in the cars, gave them three cheers, waved his hat, bade them enjoy themselves if they could, and then went back home a happy man.

☞ TO PRESERVE ICE.—In warm weather ice may be preserved by a very simple process. Make a sort of double pocket of any kind of woollen cloth, leaving a space of two inches between the outer and the inner pockets, and fill this space with feathers as tight as they can be packed. In a covering thus constructed and kept closely tied at the mouth, a few pounds of ice will keep a week.

☞ The old "council tree of the Senecas," nearly two centuries old, at Mount Morris, N. Y., was blown down a few days ago. It measured twenty-three feet in circumference. The solemn councils of the Seneca chiefs were held beneath this tree from time immemorial.

☞ A Paris letter in speaking of cholera in that city, mentions the case of Miss Hasbach, a young lady from New York, who, after riding in the Bois de Boulogne full of health and spirits, was seized with cholera in the course of the night at the Hotel Wagram, in the Rue de Rivoli. Drs. Trousseau and Beylard were called in, but in spite of their efforts the patient died in twenty-four hours. She was engaged to be married. A large number of American residents attended the funeral.

Rothschild's Larder, Kitchen and Cellar.

The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune furnishes to that paper the following description of a visit to the mansion of Baron Rothschild:—

"Although newspaper writers and millions are not intimate, they do not disdain to visit *millionaires*. Therefore, I was yesterday in Baron de Rothschild's private office, requesting permission to visit not his drawing-rooms and offices, which have been so often described, but his cellar and kitchen, which have hitherto escaped description. Mons. de Villemessant accompanied me to support my request, and, thanks to the card he sent to the celebrated banker, we were at once admitted into his presence, while portly financiers, whose 'pair' were champing the bit in the street, gaped on the benches of the ante-chamber while awaiting their turns to be admitted.

"Baron de Rothschild stood in front of a desk, above which hung the tassels of a dozen bell-ropes. Each of these bell-ropes and tassels is of a different color. It was easy to see from the many-colored chimes that the prosperity takes its rise here where the master lives as active, as sprightly, as amiable as ever. Dr. Cabarrus was seated on the Baron's right; he had been sent for to visit the Baron's leg, and was trying to demonstrate to him that there is nothing in the world like homœopathy to cure all worldly ills. The Baron inquired the object of our visit. When he heard what it was, a cloud came over his brow, and he said, in an agitated voice: 'You come at an unfortunate time. My kitchen and cellar are in confusion. I no longer give dinner parties. I have no pleasure in receiving company now that my son is dead. It might formerly have been curious, perhaps, to witness the preparation of these banquets which I gave to kings, but at present such a visit has little interest. The palate shares the heart's sorrows, and the most exquisite wines and the most delicious dishes leave them insensible whom grief never quits.' We insisted upon visiting the offices. He replied: 'Very well, then; if you will visit them, you may.' He rang the third bell, whose rope and tassel are of blue and gold. A servant appeared in blue and gold, and the Baron ordered him to show us through the larder, kitchen and cellar.

"Preceded by the guide, I went down to the succulent lower regions, from whence rose an odor in strong contrast with the Baron de Rothschild's warnings of sobriety. I first entered a room whose walls were covered with glittering hooks, from which hung hares, pheasants and deer. Magnificent turkeys were ranged in files on shelves, whose lower ranges were filled with baskets of truffles. Baron de Rothschild adores truffles. He eats them every day, and as he is also excessively fond of pheasants, the larder master told me he had a way to keep this game three months after it was killed, without the least putrefaction appearing. I thought of buying his secret; but then I thought with my capital to attempt to bid against Baron de Rothschild's capital was sheer madness, and I kept my peace. When I think of the dazzling copper utensils which I saw in the kitchen, I am still blind. Imagine eighty suns hung on an immense wall! I expressed my admiration to the chief cook, who replied to me in a tone of authority, 'In this house there is as much copper down stairs as there is gold up stairs.' The truth is, I never saw so much copper in all my life, except at Sax's, the brass instrument maker. On lateral shelves, iron stewpans were placed in order; their polished bottoms reflected the glow of the red and glowing furnaces. A dandy turnspit was tying the knot of his cravat before one of these extemporized mirrors. One of the scullions bawled to him, 'Set to work ye dandy, you!' The turnspit bounded forward towards the fire where spits were turning before a flaming beech log, thicker than the Lebanon cedar in the Garden of Plants. I heard him call a youthful colleague's attention to my appearance; they both wore white skull-caps. The note-book, which I held open, and on which I jotted my notes, puzzled them extremely. I don't know what he said about me to his companion, but I am positively certain they did not take me for a deputy sheriff taking an inventory of a seizure: Baron de Rothschild is not quite there. I was about to withdraw, when a fat, jovial-looking woman stopped me, saying: 'I'll bet you are a newspaper!' I was near the range, which was heated red-hot; my cheeks consequently cherry-colored; she thought I blushed at my profession, and added in an encouraging tone: 'Confess it. That may happen to anybody; and besides, I don't detest newspaper writers. They spoke about me when the Emperor visited Ferrieres, and whenever any one pleases I'll prove that Dr. Vernon's old Sophie isn't as good a cook as she has the reputation of being. I dared her to make maccaroni, haricots a Petouffee and omelette aux tomates as well as I do.' The reader may easily imagine I soon struck up an intimacy with a woman who showed herself so indulgent towards my horrid profession. We had a long talk together. She is from Kissingen, near Frankfort. She has been for fifteen years at the head of Baron de Rothschild's kitchen. She won her high rank as much by her incorruptible honesty and rare talents as by the masterly manner in which she prepares the Baron's sauerkrout. Under her hands sauerkrout undergoes a complete metamorphosis. The care she bestows upon this vegetable casts completely into the shade the manipulations of the alchemist who strives to extract the philosopher's stone from his retort. Judge! Clara places her sauerkrout in a silver pot, which she keeps for two days and two nights on a gentle fire. Every half hour she carefully lifts the top to pour in a glass of champagne wine and an ounce of goose grease. She told me she had passed many restless, anxious nights while her master-piece was simmering under the watch of an assistant cook. She would wake with a start, many and many a time, her forehead covered with perspiration and a weight of lead on her heart, and does not go to sleep again until, with her own hands, she adds the above-mentioned elements. After forty-eight hours of this incessant solicitude, it seems the Baron's sauerkrout has a savor which the gods of Olympus never dreamed of. Clara has promised to let me taste, and she has given me rendezvous at the bull's eye which opens on the front court-yard. She will give me a mouthful in a half sheet of this newspaper, where I crown her with glory.

"I quitted Clara to enter the confectionery which is managed by a confectioner from Vienna, whom I surprised in earnest conference with his aid. They did not perceive me, and, thinking they were discussing some new bonbon, I listened to what they were saying with all my ears. They were discussing the day's quotations of the stock exchange. I saw I was indiscreet, and I coughed to let them know a stranger was present. The head confectioner came up to me. He is a charming young man, blonde, beardless—nay, quite distinguished in appearance. He showed me his moulds, earthen dishes, syrups, and did not conceal from me that he had the monopoly of an elsewhere unknown nouguet. I exclaimed: 'So young, and already so inventive!' He answered: 'I am not young; I am thirty-five.' I rejoined: 'You don't seem to be twenty-five.' He replied: 'Sugar keeps a man young.'

"I did not stop in the shambles, where a butcher, cast in Hercules' mould, was cutting up a sheep, but kept on to the maitre d'hotel's room, where the general-in-chief of all these servants prepares a bill of fare twice a day to submit to the Baroness de Rothschild. She draws a score through the names of dishes whose preparation she thinks useless. Upon the return of the bill of fare to the kitchen, the forty servants employed there hasten to prepare the dishes it contains. The chief objects I noticed on the bill of fare yesterday were truffled chicken, *gateaux de sable*, and preserved Mirabelle plums.

"It is not enough to eat—man must drink, too. I went to the cellar, where the butler waited for me, lamp in hand. The massive oak door vibrated with the creak of the lock, and we entered the first cellar, whose sides are filled with quadrangular shelves, surmounted by a label containing the name of the wine and date of its bottling. I do not know the value of these bottles' contents, but their outward appearance has nothing repulsive. Their sealed mouths are covered with a respectable mould, and their sides are hidden under the dust of thirty years. I noticed the Chateau Yquem of 1834, Brane Monton of 1829, and St. Julien of 1815. If I reckon accurately, there are 24 000 bottles of wine in the Baron's cellar, worth at the least 240,000 francs. It contains wines of every country, from the golden drops of Lachryma Christi to the purple syrup of the Cape; from the ordinary juice of the Macon vines to the precious cascades which pour from Medoc's presses. The cellar where the liquors are kept is as rich as the wine cellar, and, like the latter, has its history and catalogue. Baron de Rothschild's servants drink two barrels of wine a week. As soon as a barrel is brought to the house, it is at once bottled; he allows no such thing as drinking from the cask. As I was leaving the house a footman came and said the Baron wished to see me. I hastened to his office. He said to me: 'My dear sir, I have thought over the matter, and you will oblige me by publishing nothing about my house.' I bowed profoundly, without saying a word, determined to reply publicly to the request of the capricious millionaire. 'Had I called on you, Baron, the eve of the issue of the Austrian loan, and said to you: Baron, you will be particularly agreeable to me if you will have nothing to do with the Austrian loan, you would have replied that the whim of a newspaper writer must yield to the interests of 100,000 subscribers. Allow me, therefore, to solicit that your wishes yield to the pleasure which 500,000 readers will have in entering the mansion of the most illustrious banker in the world.'"

SCHOOLS FOR FREEDMEN.—By a report made to the Freedmen's Bureau, it appears that in the Southern states there are under charge of the Bureau 976 schools, with 1,405 teachers, and 90,778 colored scholars. This return does not include night schools, private schools or Sunday-schools, and some few of the districts have not reported. It is also stated that there are a considerable number of schools under charge of the Bureau for the education of the children of white refugees. Of the colored pupils in the schools above reported, Virginia has 11 784; North Carolina, 9,084; South Carolina, 9 017; Georgia, 7,792; Florida, 2,663; Alabama, 3,338; Mississippi, 5,407; Louisiana, 3 389; Texas, 4,530; Arkansas, 1,884; Kansas, 1,500; Missouri; 2,698; Kentucky, 4,122; Tennessee, 9,114; Maryland, 8,144, and the District of Columbia, 6,552.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR A BEEHIVE.—In India honey is of great value, and the natives have long had in use a process for obtaining it without destroying the bees. They place a hollow cylinder of wood in the wall of their huts, on the side most sheltered from the weather, and with an opening on the outside for the bees to enter. In the centre of the cylinder there is a movable division, which is kept open while the bees are making their honey; but as soon as the combs are full the bees are driven out into the air by means of a noise made inside the hut. The central division is then closed and the combs driven out of the cylinder from an opening at the inner end. The honey being thus secured, the bees are readmitted, to begin over again their labors of reproduction.

POISONOUS COLORS IN LADIES' DRESSES.—"It may be interesting to some of our readers," (says "Land and Water,") "to know that the new green, so fashionable for ladies' dresses, is just as dangerous in its nature as the green wall paper about which so much was written, some time since. It is prepared with a large quantity of arsenic; and we have been assured by several of the leading dress-makers that the workwomen employed in making up dresses of this color, are seriously affected with all the symptoms of arsenical poison."

SINGULAR EFFECT OF GUILT.—There is a curious ordeal in India which shows the action of fear upon the salivary glands. If a wrong is committed, the suspected persons are got together, and each is required to keep a quantity of rice in his mouth for a certain time, and then take it out again; and with the greatest certainty, the man who has done the deed puts his out almost dry, in consequence of the fear of his mind keeping back the saliva.

A CANADIAN CHEESE.—At a factory in Canada, a huge cheese has lately been made which weighs three and a half tons, and measures six feet eight inches in breadth, and three feet in thickness. The milk used in its manufacture weighed 35 tons, and was furnished by 800 cows. This huge cheese will be on exhibition in Toronto at an agricultural fair to be held there during September.

☞ A little girl, named Emma S. Otten, aged five years, died from a very curious cause to-day. She swallowed an imitation pearl bead. She did not show any signs of its having hurt her until seven hours afterwards. Verdict, "Congestion of the lungs."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.

COAST OF ATACAMA—NORTH AND EAST APPROACHES—FADING FERTILITY—FIRST DESERT VIEW—AN EPISODE—LAGARTE HUEVOS—UGLY SUCKERS—BLUE VULTURES.

Taking the Chilean desert of Altacama from the south, is very like swallowing a sugar coated pill, so disguised by its deceptive saccharine coat that the nauseating drug lies pleasantly hidden until too late for ejection by an emetic process, and perforce the purgative course remains as the only alternative.

Coastwise, the great South American Sahara presents features in all its length so forbidding that no voyager ever feels the least inclination to penetrate the black, dreary waste in search of any interior allurements that somehow almost all travellers fancy are to be found hidden away in the heart of all great barren wastes.

Approached from either the north or east, Altacama as *Altacama* meets one so suddenly, clad in all its dreary desert characteristics, that like vice presented to the inexperienced in all its hideous deformity at the first view, so sickens and disgusts that we turn from it with all inclinations for a closer acquaintanceship radically cured.

From the south the approach to the desert is in all things different, everywhere alluring, and the change from the highest charms that nature can present, to the most dreary desolation, so imperceptible that like the unwary traveller entering upon the deceptive road to ruin, we proceed, heedless of all wayside warnings, until the desert is all around us, and finding fascination even in the black, burning desolation, we push forward, reckless of consequences, resolved to see the worst.

Among the earliest indications of change in vegetation in approaching the desert from the south are the fewer wheat fields, and general and gradual dwarfing down of all kinds of forest and fruit trees, until at last in a stretch of twenty leagues southward from the desert the wheat fields have entirely disappeared—the trees dwindling to stunted shrubs; fruits, flowers, animals, birds and humanity all degenerating, and the magnificent Eden land changing by almost imperceptible degrees into the black, scorched expanse of scoria, cinders and volcanic ashes.

Thus in three days we rode through a region degenerating from a garden to a sterile waste, by gradations so imperceptible that the change elicited scarcely a remark, and having crossed the contracted valley of *el Salado*, an inconsiderable river heading in the Andes and running in a due west course in a right line, forming the boundary between Chile and Bolivia, we bid farewell to civilization, vegetation and all animal life, the blue vulture and inevitable buzzard excepted; and having pushed forward under the bright starlight, we bivouacked for the night, awaking at sunrise to look about us and realize that at length we had reached the Desert of Altacama. What a picture of desolation!

Behind us, at the distance of fifteen miles, rose the bluish ridge, dimly marking the course of the Salado; while in all other directions the dull, leaden horizon shut down upon the black rim of scoria surface—overhead a low, flattened dome, dull and lustreless; the ground—no, not that either, there is nothing like soil—but the brownish black cinders and bluish red ashes that take the place of soil, lying hot and scorching under foot and spreading out to the horizon, the atmosphere dry, breezeless, impregnated with a pungent odor as of burning bitumen—nauseating and producing singular dizzy sensations, and at first laborious, gasping respiration, as if the lungs were objecting to an atmosphere so hostile.

O'Harra's impromptu observations, as he roused himself at sunrise from his first night's sleep in the desert, his clear blue eye ranging around the narrowed horizon and noting all the disagreeable features of our surroundings, were as just a comparison of our party and position to something that two or three of us very well remembered as could possibly have been put in as an illustration of the place and party:

"Be gorry, me darlings"—there were a few of his Milesianisms that Capt. O'Harra never could be coaxed out of—"it's a hot dish entirely we've ridden ourselves into, just to please our pretty petticoats, who ye see are always going headlong and strong into places that prudence tells 'em 'ye'd better be after keeping out of, my deares.' Faith, it's like shrimps we are, as we used to get the small chaps, ye mind, doctor, at the Hotel de Europe in Rio, pitched all in a lump on top of the big platter of dry toast, all burnt and black, and bitter, and covered with the old dingy hot tin cup that roasted all the red out of the craw fish."

"Let us turn back to the Rio Salado and take to the mountains, skirting the desert, and save ourselves from this scorching," suggested Senor Monteiro; and a minority of the less resolute of the party, satisfied with our brief experience and shrinking from that in prospective, sided with the senor and urged a return to the Salado and a more circuitous route to the northward. But the majority were in favor of a more familiar acquaintanceship with Altacama, and the ladies, every one of them who had proposed the invasion of the uninhabited region of desolation, were as obstinately determined as ever, and O'Harra said to Kate:

"Now, my dear, it's likely we'll get divorced before we come out of this, and if it's myself that goes through alive and I ever find another woman to fancy for a wife as well as I did one Kate Foley once, I'll be sure she is not a salamander to fling herself into the first fiery furnace that comes in our way."

Wildfire Kate looked earnestly into her handsome husband's clear blue eyes for a few minutes, and then putting both her arms affectionately about his neck, she kissed him rapidly a good baker's dozen, and then in a serious way replied:

"Dear Phil, don't ever mention a separation again, even in your light, bantering way. Please don't, my husband. Death will one day separate us, but my prayers to God are always that that day may be far off in the future. I cannot spare you, my darling! I should die if—"

This time it was Kate's lips that were suddenly closed with a husband's loving kisses, and O'Harra said:

"Bless you, my bonny Kate! Don't look that way, my wife. Don't talk that way, dear. We'll never die so long as we breathe; and we'll laugh together over our roasting here, these thirty years yet."

Kate O'Harra, for all her *dash* and seemingly volatile nature, was a glorious good woman, and her brave, handsome husband worshipped his wild-fire wife as devoutly as the Hindu devotee does his idol deity; and so the little connubial episode was a charming piece of by-play, and salutary lesson to us all, and perfect harmony was restored, and having our breakfast, we went to saddle, and set out on our first day's journey across the unknown desert of Altacama.

For cooking our morning meal we made our fire from gathered cactus of several varieties which though certainly alive and in bearing of both fruit and flowers, was so entirely destitute of any sap or moisture that it took fire like tinder, and burned rapidly with considerable heat. But by the time we had progressed a few leagues further into the desert even this supply of fuel failed, and only a region of the most utter desolation was before, behind, and all around us. Not a tree or shrub—no blade of grass or sign of vegetation; besides ourselves, the only objects instinct with life, were the great blue vulture, whose favorite haunt is this region of everlasting desolation, and a species of viper, or more properly asp, as singular in its appearance and habits as any living thing can be, a reptile we had never met with elsewhere, and as no one of us had ever read of the creature in any work upon natural history, or seen its description anywhere, we concluded the odd thing must be indigenous in, and confined to the desert of Altacama.

The reptile is so peculiar in its appearance and habits, that a few lines in description of it may possibly interest the reader. It is of the serpent family certainly, nevertheless very little like a snake in features or actions. Its length varies from twelve to sixteen inches in the adult stage, very thick in proportion to its length, and the size continuing so uniformly through the entire length that the appearance is more like that of a monstrous leech than a serpent. The body is flattened very like that of the leech, in color a dull lead color underneath, while the whole upper surface is beautifully variegated with irregular spots of green, yellow, black, and bright blue.

The head, however, is the most singular part of the whole creature. In repose it most resembles that of the North American "copperhead" snake, but considerably broader and more flattened. But in activity the entire structure is changed into a circular disc, forming a dish-like cavity with a flexible lip all all around it; almost exactly like the *sucker* of the lamprey. The reptile breeds and burrows in the bitter, hot volcanic ashes, lying dormant during the day, unless disturbed by the approach of man or beast, in which case they *flip* up out of their ashbed, exactly as the lively, full-grown cheese skippers flirt about; sometimes flipping themselves quite two feet high. Coming down, they expand the body to the width of a man's hand, elevate two-thirds the length to a perpendicular, standing erect on the tail as it were, and when any object comes near enough, say within two feet, with sudden *zip*, and a sharp little whiff like the blowing of a *squid*, they dart forward, fastening their sucker so firmly upon the surface of whatever they come in contact with that a sharp pull is requisite to detach them, and in many instances we pulled the disgusting things away piecemeal, the rings by which it was joined separating, leaving the head sucking tenaciously at whatever surface it happened to be attached to.

The thing is not venomous, has no fangs, and as it does not draw blood when applied to the bare flesh as the leech does, it is difficult to determine upon what it subsists, or why it flies at one so ferociously and sucks away at whatever it fixes upon with such pertinacity. Those who live near the borders of the desert and profess to know most of the creature's habits, assert that it subsists on air, and the sulphur with which the ashes of the desert are strongly impregnated. They also assured us that the *Lagarte hueva* (egg worm,) roasted in hot sand is very like the white of an egg boiled hard and quite as good to eat as a fine fresh fish. We had no occasion to test the esculent properties of the Altacama Lampreys, as Dr. Bond christened them, as the information of their being edible was only received after we had left the desert; besides being otherwise well provided for we had not the least disposition to cook and eat reptiles so disgusting that the very sight of them sickened.

Before noon on our first day's ride into the desert we found these speckled leech lampreys so abundant that they were continually hopping up as thick as grass-hoppers in a mown meadow close before us, flipping up little whiffs of sulphurous ashes that rising in clouds drifted into our nostrils and kept horses and humanity almost constantly coughing and sneezing. But the greatest annoyance of the *lagartes*, was their fastening to our horse's legs and hanging there, trailing and switching along, until we were obliged once in every hour or so, to dismount, whip out our long knives and slash them off close up to the head, whereupon the sucker would fall off directly. We had not been long in learning that cutting them clear was the readiest way of ridding ourselves of the pests, and the great blue vultures—allied to the Condor family, though but tenth cousins I think, being scholars as apt as ourselves, discovered that we were capital caterers for their party, and fell into line behind us, following close, and directly that we moved on after cutting clear from our horses several dozen *lagartes*, down they would swoop, gobble up the provided repast, and then come sailing on again sociably near until there was another halt.

Although born and bred and living among the hot sand and ashes of the desert, taken in the hand, the disgusting slimy things were as cold as a frog. It was not till the second day that we learned that these deserts lampreys constituted the entire food of the blue Altacama vulture, and the manner in which the birds obtained their prey when obliged to help themselves. What the food of the *lagarte* is, unless, as the desert borderers assert, it is air and sulphur, we never did learn, and to the present time, I have no idea.

☞ The Paris correspondent of the London Times asserts that the result of the war has occasioned a deep feeling of discontent in France. The Emperor himself was confident of Austria being the victor, and hardly concealed the hope that he should obtain the Rhine provinces without the loss of a single man.

☞ It is said that Prince Christian, who has just married Helena, Victoria's daughter, has induced the royal family to withdraw the prohibition against smoking in Windsor Castle; and that the Queen has directed the architect of Balmoral to build a smoking-room in the royal residence in the Highlands.

A Breechless Gun and No Gunpowder.

The London Builder says: "A startling invention in gunnery has been announced by Mr. Harding, who makes not merely a breech-loader, but a gun without any solid breech! He takes a tube open at both ends, and this forms his gun, which is loaded and discharged with deadly effect. The plan is simply this: That a piece of wadding is rammed in at one end of the tube, then another piece, leaving a space and of course some air between them, closely compressed; then the powder is placed in, and then ball on the powder. The breech is practically formed by the air contained between the first and the second piece of wadding.

Others are inquiring if gunpowder itself should be got rid of altogether midst all these changes? Captain Dixon says: "Yes;" and sends us one of his guncloth charges—a piece of rolled tape, so to speak, in a paper case, open at one end. The patentee claims for the guncloth charges freedom from all risk of accidental explosion, except when confined in a gun-barrel or bomb-shell. They are non-explosive; they burn, but do not explode; if lighted and held in the hand they are harmless; they may be dropped down a red-hot barrel without fear of danger. A hundred may be lighted at once, and the result will not be more explosive or dangerous than setting fire to a handful of shavings; neither would the firing of a whole magazine be attended with more danger than the burning of so much wood, cotton or paper. The recoil is scarcely perceptible; the report is only one half; smoke there is none; the combustion is perfect, and no residue is left to foul the barrel; and with all, these charges are superior to gunpowder as a propelling force—at least so says the inventor. Guncotton was, as formerly made and used, an uncontrollable, unmanageable, capricious force, besides being liable to ignite at low heat and fire by spontaneous combustion. Gun cloth, this patentee says, as made according to his patent, is a strong but docile servant; weight for weight many times stronger than gunpowder, and capable of being used with entire safety in existing firearms.

Uncertainties of the Law.

The Troy Whig tells a story of a case at law in that state. In 1855 a man was run over on the Hudson River Railroad, and his wife sued the company for damages. The case was first tried before a justice, and the plaintiff non-suited. She then appealed to the Supreme Court, and the non-suit was taken off. She then tried the case before another justice, and got $2,500 damages. The railroad company appealed this time, and the fourth trial was held in the Supreme Court, the verdict of $2,500 being affirmed. The railroad company again appealed, and the fifth trial was had before the New York Court of Appeals, which reversed the former decisions and ordered a new trial before a justice. This gave rise to the sixth trial, which came on before another justice, who non-suited the plaintiff. She then appealed, and the seventh trial took place before the Supreme Court, which this time affirmed the non-suit; but the lady again appealed to the highest court, and the eighth trial was had before the Court of Appeals in April last. This court reversed all the former decisions, and sent the case down to the justice to begin again. Thus, after eleven years' contest in the courts, and eight trials, the case is where it started in the Justice's Court in 1855.

☞ General Spinner, United States Treasurer, has decided that the only protection to the owner against the payment of a bond or seven-thirty note that may have been stolen is by entering a caveat at the office of the Secretary of the Treasury. The coupons are as negotiable at all times as a bank note, and will be paid in the hands of a third party and *bona fide* holder, even in the case where it is known that they have been stolen.

☞ A deserter from the rebel army, with a coonskin cap, cowhide shoes and rags of indescribable color, has been found in the woods of Florida, where he had been for two years. He had just heard of the close of the war, and was hunting up a Federal officer to get paroled.

☞ PERSONAL.—A Paris letter says: "A few days ago a vintner's wife appeared as a witness at the bar of one of our courts, and upon being asked her name, declared herself Madame Durand, by birth Alexandrine de Brulard de Genlis. In reply to a question put by the court, she said she was a descendant of Madame de Genlis. The Duchess d'Abrantes's daughter is a mantua-maker. M. Thiers's sister keeps a boarding-house."

☞ A London dispatch, by Atlantic cable, says that the Prussian government has informed the Emperor of France that his demands for the extension of the frontier of his empire to the banks of the river Rhine cannot be complied with, and that the Prussian territory there situated will never be ceded to France. Fears are entertained of a renewal of the war between Prussia and Bavaria.

☞ The 18th inst., will complete the two years necessary for the billiard champion of Connecticut to hold the cue against all comers in order to secure it as his private property. Gershom B. Hubbell won the cue August 18th, 1864, and the completion of the period is to be commemorated by quite a festival of the billiard fraternity at Hartford.

☞ During the recent session of the Teachers' Institute, in Rutland county, while Professor Adams was endeavoring to illustrate the manner of teaching arithmetic, he took up a small globe standing on the desk, and asked: "How many units in the globe?" Answer—"One." Taking up his hat, "How many units in my hat?" Answer—(by a naughty boy in the audience)—"Shake it and see!" The Professor was taken down.

☞ A few weeks since a southern young man of wealth, while visiting Boston on business, was taken sick at his hotel, and during his sickness was devotedly nursed by an Irish girl of remarkable beauty. Last Saturday the young man married his nurse in Charlestown, Mass. The groom is twenty-four, the bride not yet twenty.

☞ A German paper relates the following story of one of the late battles: A young soldier, in the midst of the tumult of battle, thought he saw on the grass a four-leaved shamrock growing. As such a plant is rare, and is considered to bring good luck, he stooped to take it. At that very instant a cannon ball passed over his head, so near that he must have been killed if he had not been bending down. The man so miraculously saved has sent the plant to which he owes his life to his betrothed at Konigsberg.

☞ When a gentleman stares at a lady, and she stares at him, they are apt to mount to the region of love by a pair of stares.

A Strike in a Lunatic Asylum.

The Dundee Advertiser of July 25th says: A very amusing circumstance occurred a few days ago at the asylum, Murthly. It is well known that the inmates work in the garden and about the grounds of the institution. A newspaper had been dropped accidentally, which contained a detailed account of the strikes, etc., among the iron-workers in the Clyde. This was picked up by one of the inmates, who read the paragraph to his associates, and after some deliberation among themselves the whole struck work. The out-door superintendent remonstrated with them in vain to resume, but they insisted that, until some arrangement whereby they could get shorter hours and more pay was entered into, they would work no more.

This state of matters continued for some time, and ultimately Dr. McIntosh, the medical superintendent, was sent for to endeavor to get the men to resume. The doctor, on hearing how matters stood, went to the men and suggested that they should send a deputation to address him on the subject. Immediately about half-a-dozen marched up to the doctor, stated their grievances at much length, and demanded more pay and shorter hours. The doctor said it was perfectly true that they had a great grievance of which to complain—provisions were high in price, and the hours of labor by far too long in this warm weather, and then put his hand in his pocket and handed the deputation half-a-crown. This gave complete satisfaction; the deputation returned, informed their associates of their success, and the whole resumed work immediately. Though it might be expected, the joke did not end here. The doctor happened to pass the men some hours later, when he was accosted by the man to whom he handed the half-crown. He took the doctor one side, and told him in confidence: "They were a set of disagreeable chields, and were quarrelin' and wranglin' wha shud keep the half-crown. There it's back to you, doctor, to keep it for us yoursel'."

Storing Apples.

An intelligent fruitist says of a plan he has used for several years:—"It consists in storing them in glazed earthenware. In this neighborhood we make much use of a coarse and cheap kind of glazed earthen jars of all sizes, from the dimensions of those which figure in the history of the "Forty Thieves" down to a common pipkin. They have lids to them, and answer the triple purpose of preserving their contents from light, from evaporation, and very tolerably from a free circulation of air. It is in the union of these three requisites, I imagine, that their efficacy consists, for I have purposely tried a well-made box, in which the first and third qualities appear in a superior degree than in the jars; but of course it was deficient in the second; and the result was the loss of half the fruit and the shrivelling of the remainder. I have never tried a very large jar, having never had enough best table apples of one kind to require one; but of moderate size, it does not appear to make an appreciable difference, whether the quantity stored be large or small. There is also another effect produced, and that is the prevention, in a great measure, of the perspiration apples are subject to when first brought under cover. In a jar this is so slight that few of them perish from that cause, though no further care be taken of them."

Wooden Shoes.

Wooden shoes are worn almost exclusively by the Germans in this country. We have repeatedly recommended them as excellent clothing of the feet for all farmers engaged in stable or barn-yard cleaning, or other wet, dirty work, which would injure leather materially. It is true they are awkward, and the wearer goes along with a hard, thumping tread—but what of that? They are not recommended for dancing pumps, walking shoes nor dress boots. They are useful in their place; durable and economical, costing one dollar and a half to two dollars a pair. For spading, ditching, or tramping down garden paths, there is no foot clothing equal to a wooden shoe. A pair kept in the kitchen to "slip on," to run out doors for something of an evening, is very convenient, as they will protect the feet from wet and cold.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A NEW WAY TO PAY A DEBT.—Miss Nettie Whyte, at Chicago, Ill., the other day, selected a pair of shoes at a store, and, taking them in her hand, went to the door, saying she wanted to show them to a friend, and would be back in a few minutes. Meantime, would the obliging clerk be kind enough to keep her little satchel for her? The obliging clerk did so, but several more than a few minutes elapsed, and the young lady did not return. The little satchel was opened, and found to be empty. The clerk was indignant, for the shoes were not paid for. A few days after he met her in the street and demanded payment. She had no money, but asked if he would take her waterfall as security. He would; so she quietly detached it and gave it to him. The next day she called at the store and redeemed her back hair.

COLORED STARCH.—A late English invention of colored starch is one of the greatest novelties in the London fashionable world. Several colors are already produced, and the invention is being extended to others. Any article starched with this preparation is completely colored by it, but as the dye readily washes out, the garment that was pink to-day may be made green to-morrow, and so on. This starch is of great use for those bright but treacherously colored muslins that are very costly, but, as their colors wash out, continually perplex their owners. If the pattern has been green, starch of that color is used, and the green remains, and the same is true of any other color. To have the means always at hand, not only of keeping colors fast, but also of varying them day by day, must be invaluable to ladies.

☞ A bill has been introduced in Parliament, at the request of Mrs. Henry Wood, protecting the authors of books against those dramatists who use their plots and even their language in composing plays. She has suffered from the production of "East Lynne" with offensive vulgarisms, the lessee of the theatre where it appeared, meanwhile, refusing her any share of the profits.

☞ The President has issued a proclamation declaring the blockade of Matamoras, in Mexico, by Maximilian to be unsound, and asserting that it will be so considered by the United States.

☞ It was so hot in Morayshire recently, that bees were found drowned in their own melted honeycombs.

☞ There is a blackberry stalk in Lewiston, Me., bearing 770 blackberries.

Every Nation has its "Gait."

The "Hours at Home" informs us that we *walk* Yankee as well as *talk* Yankee. "The travellers who visit the field of Waterloo are accustomed to enter their names in a register. This book has been kept for many years by the same person, and with wonderful accuracy he is able to designate the visitor's nationality by simply inspecting the handwriting. Much more easily can the profession or nation be detected by means of the gait. The grave Spaniard; the phlegmatic Dutchman; the vivacious and sanguine Frenchman; the reserved and formal Briton; the inquisitive, impetuous, self-confident American—each betrays the national trait in his style of walking. The sailor rolls, when on shore, as if our trim planet sailed unsteadily. The soldier marches, even when no longer under orders. The sycophant bends the knee, as if every man he meets were a prince. The lawyer steps boldly and patronizingly. The clergyman abstractedly, as if the streets were his study; or cautiously, as if mindful of the gins and pitfalls spread for the feet of the unwary. The waiting-clerk is known by his bows and his graceful effrontery. We distinguish a coxcomb by the careful manner in which he drops his foot and picks his way along the street; a watchman, by his heavy, measured tramp. Students saunter, school-girls trip, doctors hurry, hunters stride, teamsters trudge, gossips gad, market-women bustle, boatmen shuffle, ghosts stalk, aldermen waddle."

GEN. LEE OFFERED COMMAND BY MR. LINCOLN.—In a letter published in the National Intelligencer, Montgomery Blair mentions the following circumstance in the history of Gen. Lee:

"Gen. Lee said to my father, when he was sounded by him, at the request of President Lincoln, about taking command of our army against the rebellion, then hanging upon the decision of the Virginia convention, 'Mr. Blair, I look upon secession as anarchy. If I owned the four millions of slaves in the South, I would sacrifice them all to the Union; but how can I draw my sword upon Virginia, my native state?' He said he could not determine then; said he would consult with his friend, Gen. Scott, and went on the same day to Richmond, probably to arbitrate difficulties, and we see the result."

☞ We are to have a new Ocean Cable—that is, an out-and-out American Cable—at an early day. Books of subscription were opened to-day at the Company's office, in Broad street. The capital stock is $10,000,000. The route is from New York to Bermuda via Cape Charles, Va., thence to the Azores, and thence to Lisbon, in Portugal.

☞ A letter was dropped into the post-office, yesterday, addressed as follows:

Hill
A
Massachusetts.

After a good deal of study, one of the clerks managed to make out that it was intended for "A. Underhill, Andover, Massachusetts." Does the reader see the point?

☞ A justly enraged husband publicly horse-whipped a travelling photographer at Plymouth, Mass., a few days since for distributing photographs of his wife, which had been disfigured by the addition of whiskers and moustaches. The artist went to law, and was comforted to the extent of six cents' damages.

☞ During the heated term, water was sold in Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va., by the gallon, and even tumbler full.

☞ The newest style of crinoline in Paris is shaped like a coat tail.

☞ Rev. F. D. Huntington, the new bishop of Maine, who killed a rattlesnake on Mount Holyoke last week, says he has "been engaged in a warfare with The Old Serpent all his life time, and he thinks he has got him now." The snake was four feet long and eight inches in circumference, and was coiled under the feet of the bishop's horse, ready to spring, when discovered.

☞ The Indianapolis Journal says that parties from the country represent that the corn crop is better than they have ever known it. The potato crop will be immense.

☞ Bismark, the Prussian, on whom all European eyes are now centred, rejoices in the name of Charles Otto von Bismarck auf Schonhausen and Kniephof.

☞ Cigar-shaped railroad trains are suggested as a means of decreasing the atmospheric resistance which is said to much retard the speed of the trains built on the present plan.

☞ It is computed that 706,621 persons enter London every day by rail and steamboat.

☞ CONSUMPTION.—An eminent French physician proposes to cure all cases of consumption by the administration of raw meat and spirits. He says that this method of treatment has been for some time in use on the Continent of Europe, and, to his knowledge, has produced satisfaction in two thousand cases. The raw meat is reduced to a pulp, and, to conceal any unpleasant flavor it may have, is mixed with sugar. The proportion of alcohol used, which is administered separately from the meat, is about one-half that of the meat.

☞ Blind Tom is giving parlor entertainments to the aristocracy in London.

☞ D. D. Home, the Spiritualist, has made his debut on the London stage.

☞ Gen. Henry M. Naglee has been sued, in San Francisco, by Miss Mary L. Schell, for breach of promise. The damages are laid at $100,000. A poor business.

☞ Mademoiselle Mouto, a youthful phenomenon, is astonishing Paris by replying to questions in eighteen languages.

☞ Jenny Lind, the once idolized songstress, failed recently at a concert, and was hissed by part of the audience.

☞ One day, at the table of the late Dr. Pease, Dean of Ely, just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse was that of an extraordinary mortality among lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace: "For this and every other mercy, the Lord's name be He praised."

☞ A recent decision in Rhode Island makes the family newspaper a "necessity" which cannot be interfered with by creditors.

☞ Dresses embroidered with needle-guns and pictures of dying Austrians are fashionable in Paris.

☞ FRENCH LETTERS.—The rural letter-carriers in France walk daily, on an average, sixteen miles, and sometimes as much as twenty or twenty-five, and yet some receive only $50 a year. Some of the country postmistresses receive $100 to $125 per annum, out of which they have to pay rent.

SLEEPING.

The violet eyes lie shaded deep,
  Beneath the white lids closing;
The cheek flushed faint with rosy sleep,
  The dimpled hands reposing,—
The sweet red lips held half apart,—
  Smiles coming and retreating:—
God bless and keep the little heart,
  Within the white breast beating,
    As baby sleeps.

The tiny, restless, busy feet
  Lie still in cradle nesting,—
The clinging arms fall white and sweet
  Upon the pillow resting;
Close out the burst of noise and glare—
  Harsh sound and harsher seeming—
And let the soft, sweet Summer air
  Float gently through his dreaming,
    As baby sleeps.

And life and time go hurrying on,
  Their varied meshes weaving;
And Heaven is lost and Heaven is won,
  And joy gives place to grieving;
The Summer comes, the Summer dies,
  And brings the Autumn's glory,—
While still my darling's violet eyes
  Repeat the same old story—
    That baby sleeps.

I sit and muse, while yet apace
  The future years are waging,
And think what gifts of love and grace
  Their hidden hands are bringing;
What paths the little feet may tread,—
  What work the hands be moulding,—
What crown awaits my darling's head,
  When heart and soul unfolding,
    No longer sleep.

Ah! hope has many a fairy theme,
  From her sweet lips unfolding,—
And life has many a golden dream,
  That some fond heart is holding:
But none so glad as those that rise,
  In light and beauty blending,
To shine before a mother's eyes,
  Above the cradle bending,
    While baby sleeps.

THE ROWING MATCH;

Or, Which Shall Have Her?

BY ENSIGN TOMBS.

CHAPTER VI.

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

There is a rumor of grave importance in the barracks; the colonel has hinted his belief in it; the mess, as in duty bound, confirm it; the men discuss it in the canteen and through the town. Mrs. O'Hallaghan, the greatest gossip in the place, has told it in confidence to at least a hundred different people. The *Athlone Patriot*, the *Galway Tattler*, after that the *Dublin Afternoon Mail*, and finally even the infallible (?) *Times* itself, publish the matter. It must be a fact, and it is,—Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Malachite, K.C.B., K.H., Commandant of the Western District of Ireland, has accepted a lucrative post abroad; and, prior to his departure, Lady Malachite will present a new set of colors to the gallant 200th Royal Slashers, her husband's old regiment, in which he won his laurels during the Peninsular campaigns. In return, the 200th Royal Slashers will entertain Sir Edward Malachite and his staff to a sumptuous dinner, issue cards for a grand military ball, and celebrate the occasion by spending as much money as possible.

No wonder the news set the Shannon on fire. Never had Athlone been in such a bustle. The latest details from the barracks were as eagerly sought after as the foreign intelligence on "'Change." Dressmakers were set to work weeks beforehand; dirty little houses were scrubbed out and turned into temporary hotels; provisions were ordered from Dublin, as if the town was going into a state of siege: and when it was known that the festivities were to be kept up for several days; that in addition to the presentation of colors and ball there were to be amateur theatricals, a mid-day *déjeuné* at the barracks, and a regatta on Lough Ree; that besides all this the non commissioned officers were to be entertained on roast beef and plum pudding, and to have a ball to themselves; that special artists and costumiers, cooks, confectioners, and decorators had been summoned from Dublin; that all the big-wigs in Ireland were to be asked; and finally, with bated breath be it said, even his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant himself —when all this was fairly swallowed, who shall describe the general excitement and delight?

The mess-room was besieged with visitors. Testy old squires, who had never condescended to leave a card before, drove in hot haste to the barracks, and pressed hospitable invitations on "Colonel Cox and the Officers of H.M. 200th." More invitations to eat, drink, sleep, and shoot poured in, in a week, than we could have exhausted in a year; while little pink notes, highly scented and delicately inscribed, were left to an extent and with a regularity which simply beat everything.

"Let's shut up mess for a few weeks," said Fullarton. "Here are sixteen dinners, as many hops, and goodness knows how many beds, at any one's disposal. How desperately fond they have grown of us all of a sudden!"

"What a joke it would be if we were ordered suddenly away!" observed Delany.

"I wouldn't guarantee our arriving safe at the station," said another.

"A gracious acceptance from Lord Totalaise, boys," interrupted the colonel, who entered at that moment. "If things go on in this way the barracks will be too small to hold us all."

"Not a single refusal from Dublin or Galway," put in Captain Hallett. "How the fellows are all to sleep is a puzzle. There's not a bed in the barracks will hold double; and as to getting one in the town, I hear it's out of the question, at any price; and this three weeks beforehand," he added, with an expressive shrug.

"If it's the men you're thinking of," observed the senior major, "there are floors and blankets. The service must be altered with a witness if there's a subaltern to be found who won't be content with these, for the sake of a good ball."

"I propose that every one of us married men sends in an estimate of the number of guests he can accommodate," said the colonel, who entered into the affair with all the ardor of a boy. "I believe I have Mrs. Cox's authority for putting myself down for six, besides those already invited."

"I can do with a couple," said Major Harris; "and may be a third, if he doesn't mind lying in an empty bath. There's a chest of drawers, too, will come in handy for a few small ones."

"What says Dr. Crab?" asked Fullarton, turning to the little man who had entered with the colonel.

"Set of muffs," he grunted; "mad every one of you! If you want to get rid of your money, pitch it into the Shannon,—save you all this fuss, and do twice as much good. Humph!"

"The question is, how many can you take in at the Crow's Nest, doctor?" said the colonel, laughing.

"Got quite as many as I can manage already," said the doctor; "but you can send a couple of dukes or so, and the Lord Lieutenant if he'll behave himself."

It may be gathered from this conversation how serious the affair had become. From a lazy set of loungers, whose only business was to kill time as pleasantly as possible, we were plunged, all of a sudden, into a state of excitement impossible to describe. Half a dozen committees of management were formed; one for the ball, a second for the theatricals, a third for the regatta, and so on. The colonel took the office of general superintendent; Captain Seaton was treasurer; and Ross, secretary. To the non-commissioned officers themselves was committed the erection of a spacious marquee, to be used for their dinner, and subsequently for the *déjeuné* and mid-day promenade. The largest room in Athlone—I really forget now whether Town Hall, Assembly Room, or what—was hired for the ball, and put into the hands of an efficient staff of decorators. An old barn of a place, dubbed by the title of Theatre, and bearing some faint resemblance to one when the dirt and cobwebs were cleared away, was likewise taken, and flooded with water and workmen. A brand-new four-oared outrigger was ordered up from Limerick for the use of the garrison club, the active members of which were at once put into hard training. Special ambassadors, duly accredited by the mess, were despatched to Dublin, and came back laden with spoil, ornamental and useful. Every one had his hands full. The colonel was everlastingly being appealed to, to settle this or that knotty point in connection with this or that perplexed committee. The adjutant was driven wild with the trials he had to undergo in getting the officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, to stick to drill.

"Just at the very time," he lamented, "when the regiment is going to be inspected by the highest authorities, and needs any amount of rubbing up, the sergeants and corporals are working like a set of carpenters; the band for ever practising a set of rubbishy dance tunes; half the men running messages; and the officers, who ought to know better, seem to think that a lot of tomfoolery nonsense is of more consequence than the regimental character."

In fact, he grumbled so much that Dr. Crab took to him from that hour, vowed they were kindred spirits, and begged the mess to notice that the adjutant and himself were the only two sensible beings in Athlone.

The spirit of gaiety is proverbially catching. The contagion spread. Every house in the neighborhood was placed at the disposal of our military guests. Lord Fortmaine announced his intention of entertaining a distinguished party, and of keeping open house at his seat, a few miles off. The mayor and corporation issued invitations for a dinner and dance. Cart-loads of flowers and shrubs were offered as gifts, or loans, for the decoration of ball-room, theatre, and barracks. The regatta scheme was taken up so vigorously, that the only difficulty was to find a sufficient number of competitors for all the prizes that were offered. Not only so, but General Malachite, Lord Fortmaine, and sundry other notables, put their heads together and concocted a solemn despatch, in which they declared that, as our entertainments were of such a public nature, and likely to prove of so much benefit to the town and neighborhood, stimulating trade and attracting strangers, they, the undersigned, were wishful to manifest their sense of our patriotic and generous spirit, and begged to be allowed the favor of the whole of our non-commissioned officers and men, in such place, time, and manner as should be afterwards judged expedient. This was enlarging on our scheme with a vengeance. We graciously acceded to the request. A regiment of carpenters took the place of our amateurs, and a huge pavilion, capable of dining 700 men, was erected in the place of the first and smaller one. In short, as Colonel Cox remarked, there was nothing like boldness. The whole week's carnival would cost far less in proportion than an humbler entertainment would have done. There was scarcely one of the mess who could not afford a pretty large subscription; and, lest there should be any apprehension in the matter of finances, our three field-officers declared themselves responsible for any deficiency that might occur. Money being all right, everything else followed as a matter of course, and such was the excitement of the hour, that I verily believe had it been proposed to stop the waters of the Shannon for the week, and run whiskey punch down the channel instead, no one would have been staggered at the idea.

CHAPTER VII.

CHIT CHAT.

"Well, sir! upon my word these are nice doings! Where have you been for the last two years? Positively it's three days since the Crow's Nest has been favored with your presence. What have you been doing with yourself, and how dare you come in that uncivilized costume?"

The speaker was Miss Maggie; the person thus addressed your humble servant. His dress a dark blue jersey, ditto cap, and white trowsers, the whole composed of flannel, being the uniform of the regimental boat club. The place, Dr. Crab's garden. The time, a little before mess, a few days previous to the commencement of our grand carnival. I had been out all the afternoon in our four-oar, and had dropped in to say "How d'ye do?" on my way to barracks. Of this fact I informed the young lady, as an answer to her last question.

"Oh, indeed! And pray has boating been the cause of your absence all this time?"

"Boating! I wish that was all. I'm nearly worked to death one way or another. First of all, I'm in training for the regatta. I pull bow in our boat for the Ladies' Cup, besides having entered for the sculling race, and very possibly for the match between garrison and town. Fancy having to walk two miles before seven o'clock, eat half-raw beefsteaks for breakfast, dinner, and tea, and drink nothing but two pints of beer a day."

"Quite enough too for any boy, I'm sure."

"Then there's parade. The adjutant has fairly bored Colonel Cox into giving us double allowance of drill, and there we are for nearly two hours every morning, roasting under the hot sun, in that abominable uniform—"

"Nonsense, sir! You're only too proud to sport it before all the nursery-maids. Well, go on."

"Then we go into committee—"

"And no end of bitter beer."

"If you interrupt so I declare I'll stop. Well, then I have to study away at 'The Rivals.' I'm to be *Lydia Languish*, you know."

"What fun it will be to see you dressed up as a woman! How I shall laugh!"

"More than I do now, I can assure you. It is dreadful work getting it all off. A fellow comes from Dublin every Saturday to drill us in our parts. And besides that, we have a rehearsal with Fullarton twice a week."

"What part does he take?"

"Who? Fullarton? He's to be *Bob Acres*, and capitally he'll do it. He has acted before several times. In fact, he has the entire management of the theatricals. Well, then there is the farce afterwards, and I'm in that too."

"A woman's part again?"

"Yes, hang it all. None of the fellows will shave off their whiskers, and they won't have Lobley, he's too tall. Well, you may fancy what a nuisance all this rehearsing work is. Then every day, at two, I must pull up the river to the lake, and there we are at it as hard as we can go till five o'clock. Then there are just about two hours, when we get back, before mess, and that's the first bit of rest I have during the day."

"And you've generously sacrificed it to me. *Merci, Monsieur.*"

"Nonsense! I wish I could be here all day. But I haven't done yet. Fancy having a great red, half-cooked steak brought in for your special benefit, while every one else is going into salmon and lamb and all sorts of good things! And no wine, no claret, no whiskey punch, no smoke; and all the fellows making fun of you."

"Poor boy! But there are others in training besides you, are there not?"

"Yes. Ross, Delany, Fortescue, and one or two more; but that doesn't make it any the pleasanter for me. Fullarton is our captain, and he takes a special pleasure in keeping me up to the mark. Look at my hands. All the skin off them, and so sore!"

"Poor Lydia Languish! It's to be hoped she will wear gloves. And her face! how does it stand all this rowing in the sun?"

"Oh, we pull in veils, just like the fellows wear round their hats at Epsom. It was an idea of Fullarton's."

"Fullarton again! He seems a very important body."

"He's not a great favorite of mine, but not a bad hand at anything of this sort. A little fellow, with black hair; great talker; always up to some joke or other; sings very well; and the best waltzer in the regiment."

"Dear me, quite an Admirable Crichton! I must really know him. And what about Mr. Lobley? Hasn't he anything to do with all these goings on?"

"Nothing, except to look on and enjoy himself. He pretended to be annoyed because he wasn't asked to pull or act; but he's much better off as he is—if for nothing else, because he can come here when I can't."

"Yes. We've seen a good deal of him lately. The colonel and Captain Seaton are nearly always engaged; you never come near us; and even uncle has been bitten with the infection, and stays away till I don't know what time. Really, if it hadn't been for Mr. Lobley, I don't know what Mary and I would have done. He has proved quite a gallant cavalier."

"I'm glad he's found something he can do at last," I said, savagely.

"Mr. Tombs, of course, has something better to employ himself with than practising politeness to young ladies. Don't try to be too complimentary, please."

"No; but come, Maggie, it really is a little too bad. Here is a fellow like Lobley—almost the only one of ours who has been given nothing to do, because he is such a muff—here he gets all the pleasure of being with you, while I am working myself to death."

"Mr. Lobley is too great a 'muff,' then, to be fit for anything but the society of girls," said the young lady, demurely.

"I wish you wouldn't make fun of what I say. I really am in earnest. You don't know how much—I mean, how envious—well, hang it, I can't bear your liking so much to be with that fellow."

"Indeed! and pray how long is it since Mr. Tombs obtained the right of choosing my friends?"

She tossed her head as she spoke, and pouted her full red lips with the prettiest gesture of disdain possible to conceive. I caught hold of her hand.

"Don't be cross, Maggie. You know you can do anything you like with me. I never thought I could care for any one half so much as I do for you. You like me a little, Maggie, don't you?"

She looked me full in the face, with her large eyes fairly sparkling with fun.

"Why, you're actually making love to me. Mr. Lobley never came up to this. You foolish boy, where have you been to get so sentimental?"

I sprang up with an angry exclamation.

"Now come, sit down and be sensible. You don't mean to say you are really serious?"

"I only wish you would be so for a moment."

"Well, there, I am. Now what do you want with me?"

She crossed her hands, and looked so demurely at me as she spoke, that spite of all my wounded dignity, I could not help it, and burst into a hearty fit of laughter. She joined suit in an instant, and we sat opposite to one another, laughing until the tears came to our eyes.

"Oh dear!" she said at last; "how wrong of you to make me laugh and hurt myself! Well, come, I must say you're not a bad fellow, after all. I'll tell you a secret, Mr. Tombs. With some girls you get on far better with a laugh than a cry, and I am one of that sort."

"Well, you don't dislike me, then?"

"Dislike you! Why should I?"

"And you'll try and care for me a little?"

"Bless the boy! what would he have?"

"This," I said, "for one thing." And before she could prevent me, I sprang forward and kissed her cheek. A sounding box on the ear was my return. She looked for an instant seriously offended; then, all of a sudden, her face cleared, and she burst again into a hearty fit of laughter.

"Oh dear me, what a boy it is! I really ought to be very angry, but I can't; it is too much trouble. Now what am I to have for that, sir?"

"This, if you will accept it," I said, drawing a little case out of my pocket. It contained a gold locket, with some of my hair in it.

"And have you really got this for me? What am I to do with it?"

"Wear it, won't you, to show you have some little regard for the giver?"

"Well, perhaps I will. Hush! here comes aunt."

And, indeed, the tall figure of Mrs. Crab was visible at the other end of the garden.

Five minutes afterwards, as I made my way out of the gate, radiant with delight, I almost ran against Lobley, got up in the most elaborate style, and with a rose in his button-hole. We had been rather cool to one another for some time, but I was in too good spirits to remember that fact at the moment.

"Hallo, old fellow, how goes it?" I said. "Going to call on the Crabs?"

"Aw! yes!" Lobley had assumed a most edifying drawl of late. "I've cut mess to-day. Going to have a quiet dinner with the doctor. Hasn't he asked you?"

"No. Couldn't have gone if he had."

"Aw! indeed! Sorry for it. Well, ta-ta;" and he lounged into the garden.

"Confound the fellow! What do they ask him so often for?" was my reflection, as I walked towards the barracks.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHICH, THOUGH SHORT, REPORTS PROGRESS

The carnival week came at last, just as we were all—I can vouch for myself—getting thoroughly sick and tired of working for it. The heat had been dreadful, and what with extra parades, long committee meetings, financial business, letter-writing, rowing, rehearsals and the like, the whole affair began to be looked upon as a bore.

Of course difficulties, unthought of before, sprung up just at the end. The ball-room, even if it was packed like a herring-barrel, would only accommodate two hundred, and at least three were coming. Similarly, our mess-room was totally inadequate for the entertainment of all our distinguished guests besides ourselves. As to the theatre, it was evident that we must either make two nights of it, or mortally offend one-half of the neighborhood, by necessarily refusing them admittance. Then there were minor troubles. Sir Anthony Absolute (Captain Ellis,) after having vainly tried to master his part, and —according to his own account—stood any amount of bullying from Fullarton and the theatrical agent, gave the affair up in disgust, and left us in the lurch. Delany had a slight attack of illness, consequent on too much exertion, and was ordered to go out of training, and on no account to pull in the races. To crown all, the workmen and decorators we had summoned from Dublin had a regular row with their brethren of Athlone, which ended in about a dozen from each party being sent to cool their hot blood in gaol for a week or two.

However, "all's well that ends well." Two more apartments were discovered, cleansed from dirt, put into the upholsterer's hands and added to the suite of rooms already at our disposal for the ball. The dinner, it was decided, should take place under canvas, and a second performance was determined upon at the theatre for the special benefit of the Athlone gentry. The punishment of the workmen was, at the request of the mess, commuted to fines, which were at once paid by our finance committee. Singleton, one of the junior lieutenants, a fine, strongly made fellow, volunteered to supply Delany's place in the boat, and—wonder of wonders—*Sir Anthony Absolute* found a representative in no less a personage than Dr. Crab! Never shall I forget the astonishment which seized our whole *corps dramatique* when the worthy little man quietly announced his intention. What put it into his head I do not know, except it was for the pleasure of astonishing his wife and niece. We were all expressly bound to secrecy; no one outside the mess was to hear of it. There was no doubt about his fitness for the part, so far as regarded externals: it needed no dressing to turn him into the very model of a fractious old governor; but how about the acting? Dr. Crab soon answered that question. If he had been brought up to the stage from his youth he could not have done it better. He hit off the character to the very life, delighted the man from Dublin, utterly astounded Fullarton and the rest, and grew so elated himself at his success, that, after the rehearsal was over, nothing would serve him but our adjournment to a neighboring hotel (the barracks and Crow's Nest not suiting his desire for secrecy,) where he stood grilled bones and punch, and came out in a convivial strain that was perfectly astounding.

So staggered was Fullarton by this double miracle, that he suffered Ross and myself to violate the rules of training without a word; and remarked, as he accompanied us back to our quarters, with a somewhat unsteady gait, and at a somewhat advanced hour, that, although he could have understood old Crabby's coming out well in "Timon of Athens," he never gave him credit for being an *absolute* brick on the stage or off it. With which forlorn attempt at a pun he stumbled into his room and disappeared.

CHAPTER IX.

I OCCUPY A PROUD POSITION.

I have a file of old newspapers by me as I write, with long and copious details from their "own correspondents" of the presentation of colors to H.M.'s gallant 200th Royal Slashers, on Monday, the — day of July, 18—. It is with a sort of melancholy pleasure that I recall the events of that day, as set down by the accurate but slightly enthusiastic pen of the reporter. In four closely printed columns he relates how, from an early hour in the morning, the good town of Athlone was in an unprecedented state of excitement, crowds of country people pouring in from every quarter, flags flying from every window, business universally suspended (except, let me casually remark from my own recollection, that of the whiskey shops, which did a roaring trade), and a general holiday observed among all classes; how, a little before twelve o'clock, a guard of honor, commanded by Captain Ross, marched to the railway station in readiness to receive his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, who arrived at mid-day precisely, and was welcomed on the platform by the mayor, Thomas M'Carthy, Esq., Colonel Cox, of the 200th, the sheriffs, &c., &c.; how his Excellency was accompanied by General Sir Edward Malachite, K.C.B., K.H., Colonel This, and Captain That—a long and imposing list; and how, after driving to the barracks and lunching there, the noble and distinguished party adjourned to the ground fixed upon for the presentation, where the Royal Slashers were already drawn up under arms, awaiting their arrival.

There; away with printed aids to memory. My recollection is aroused, and every event of that morning comes back, sharp and distinct, before my vision. I am standing again with my company, a unit in the long line of scarlet, which stands immoveable, awaiting the approach of that gay cavalcade of field-officers and aides-de-camp. Riding a little in front, in the plain attire of a civilian, is the Viceroy of Ireland; by his side, the gray-headed General Malachite; behind, a glittering mass of gold and scarlet and blue, cocked hats and plumes—the whole representing our judges for the present hour, our guests for the next. They ride forward, and halt in front. A hoarse word of command from the colonel, and, as one man, the battalion presents arms, while the dense masses of spectators on every side burst into a thundering cheer, and my heart beats and hand trembles with the excitement of the moment.

Then for nearly an hour afterwards we go through every variety of intricate evolution which it pleases Lieut.-General Sir Edward Malachite, K.C.B., K.H., to order. We advance, retire, take ground to the right, to the left, move towards all points of the compass—in column, in line, in every way. There is skirmishing, forming square, file firing, volley firing, all sorts of firing. There is a grand charge of our whole line, with fixed bayonets, and apparently a fixed determination to sweep away Lord Lieutenant, general, staff, and spectators together. Then there is a halt. "Stand at ease!" "Stand easy!" And we take off our heavy shakos, wipe our flushed and heated faces, and glance round the crowd of carriages, and see if we can recognize any of the fair beings in pink, and blue, and white, and every color of the rainbow, who have come to look at the Lord Lieutenant, at us, and one another. I fancy I can make out the tall figure of Mrs. Crab, towering, like one of the daughters of Anak, above a crowd of (comparatively) small fry around; and I strain my eyes in vain endeavor to discern a certain blue bonnet, which I know cannot be far distant. Just then comes the hoarse bellow, "Two hundredth, attention!" and I am no longer a free agent, but a fixed mechanical machine again.

There is a little more manœuvring. We march past the Lord Lieutenant, General, and Co., in slow, in quick, in double quick time. Then we are drawn up in front of what may fairly be called the grand stand, and the real business of the day commences. There is a bustle, a rush from all sides of the field, spite of sentries and police. The crowd gathers round as closely as possible. Sweet creatures in muslin are supported on the carriage seats, the better to survey the scene. The Lord Lieutenant leads forward a stout, highly decorated female, the better half of General Malachite, who, having had his innings for the last hour, resigns the post of honor to Lady M., and stands behind her with a look of exalted dignity. Colonel Cox comes forward, and beckons to Lobley and myself. We advance. Our brother officers cluster in the rear. There is a dead silence; and then Lady Malachite begins the address, considerately prepared for her beforehand, hurrying through it without in the least minding her stops, and in weak, quavering voice, which is perfectly inaudible two yards off. So far as I can hear or attend, it is most complimentary. She, Lady M., has no doubt the gallant 200th are as ready to bleed for these new standards as we have done so often for their predecessors. She trusts that they—the standards aforesaid—may never have to wave over a deadly battle-field; but if they do, she is sure it will be over a scene of victory. There is another pause when she ends. Then, at a signal from the colonel, Lobley and I "equat," as Fullarton afterwards described it, each on one knee (a most unpleasant posture, by-the-way), and receive the colors from the hands of her ladyship. Colonel Cox then, in a few straightforward words, expresses the thanks of the regiment. We retire with our spoil into the centre of the battalion. A feu-de-joie is fired. The band strikes up "God save the Queen." The ladies wave their pocket handkerchiefs. The people shout. The Lord Lieutenant, General and Lady Malachite, aides-de-camp, and suite, ride and drive off to the town. We Slashers march after them, attended by an enthusiastic and dirty mob, and in a state of as much dust, heat, and exhaustion as our worst enemies could desire. Heartily did I concur in the sentiment expressed by a stout, perspiring corporal, as we entered the barracks,—"It's lucky for us, boys, them same flags lasts a goodish while; for, by the powers, it's murderin' work to change 'em."

2 30 P. M. Oh the delicious coolness of one's room—the comfort of a loose coat and bare neck!—the luxury of lying back in an easy chair and being quiet for a few minutes. Not for long, however. A final rehearsal has been arranged for three o'clock at the theatre, and to-morrow evening we perform in public. I *must* go. Confound all plays! I would give anything for a nap! No, it's no use; here comes Fullarton, merciless as ever. What ever can that fellow be made of? He enters, rows me for not being ready, and carries me off in triumph.

It is some slight comfort to find others as victimized as myself. Ross and Maxwell have hidden themselves in Hallett's quarters, and are unearthed, and led away in anything but a pleasant state of mind. Delany vows he is too unwell to stir, and is dragged away almost by main force. Dr. Crab swears all the theatricals in the world may be ruined before he volunteers his services again. And, in short, when our indefatigable leader has routed us all out, we follow him to the theatre in a state of sulky resignation, which savors of anything but interest in our work.

Did ever anybody see a town in such a state of excitement? Where have all the people come from, and all the spirits they get so drunk on? And the carriages—cars, I mean? Oh, I see!—purchasing the last titivations for the ball. Why, there's a perfect crowd of petticoats in every milliner's doorway; and every other person in the street is taking a big paper parcel somewhere. We stop for an instant at the Assembly Rooms. All is confusion and preparation,—upholstering, gilding, hammering, bringing in forms, sofas, mirrors, sconces; unpacking huge boxes, labelled "Glass, with care;" running in and out, jostling, and any amount of noise. "They'll never have things ship-shape by ten o'clock," observes Ross, and we all agree with him; but it is evident we are only in the

way, and Fullarton is getting impatient, so *allons!*

The rehearsal passes off with tolerable success. Our Dublin trainer gives us each a few last instructions, goes over sundry difficult bits a second time,—applauds, reproves, gesticulates, and prompts, with an energy worthy a better cause. I have a great horsecloth fastened round my waist, by way of dress, and am shown how to curtsey, retire, manipulate my drapery, and sit down and rise up in proper fashion. *Lady Malaprop* (Maxwell) shows her ankles too liberally. *Julia* (Llewellyn) will persist in gigging while *Faulkland* (Ross) is making love to her. *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* (Delany) overdoes the brogue, not having the faintest idea that his natural accent is "Pat" to the backbone. As to *Sir Anthony Absolute* (Dr. Crab) and *Bob Acres* (Fullarton), they are perfection itself. "You'll do, gentlemen—you'll do," concludes the worthy trainer. "Put a little fire into it, and you'll bring the house down."

Well, thank goodness, that's over! Now for a little rest! No, by Jove! it's after five, and we sit down to our state dinner at six, an hour and a half earlier than usual, on account of the ball. Only just time to hurry back and dress.

"No entrées or pastry, remember, you in the boat," sings out Fullarton, in a warning tone, as we separate; "and mind, not a drop beyond two glasses of claret!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

FINISH THY WORK.

Finish thy work, the time is short;
The sun is in the west;
The night is coming down—till then
Think not of rest.

Yes, finish all thy work, then rest;
Till then, rest never;
The rest prepared for thee by God
Is rest forever.

Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow;
Ungird thee from thy toil;
Take breath, and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work, then sit thee down
On some celestial hill,
And of its strength-reviving air
Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work, then go in peace,
Life's battle fought and won;
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,
"Well done! well done!"

Finish thy work, then take thy harp,
Give praise to God above,
Sing a new song of mighty joy
And endless love.

Give thanks to Him who held thee up
In all thy path below,
Who made thee faithful unto death,
And crowns thee now.

How Much Makes a Man Rich?

"To be rich," said Mr. Marcy, formerly Secretary of State, "requires only a satisfactory condition of mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another in the possession of millions, may think himself poor; and if the necessities of life are enjoyed by each, it is evident that the man who is best satisfied with his possession is the richest."

To illustrate this idea, Mr. Marcy related the following anecdote: While I was Governor of the state of New York, said he, I was called upon one morning at my office, by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in and commenced conversation by inquiring "if this was Mr. Marcy?"

I replied that was my name.

"Bill Marcy?" said he.

I nodded assent.

"Used to live in Southport, didn't ye?"

I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was, and what he was driving at.

"That's what I told 'em," cried the backwoodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force. "I told 'em you was the same Bill Marcy who used to live in Southport; but they wouldn't believe it, and I promised the next time I came to Albany to come and see you and find out for sartin. Why, you know me, don't you, Bill?"

I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me, I couldn't recollect having seen him before; and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name.

"My name is Jack Smith," answered the backwoodsman, "and we used to go to school together, thirty years ago, in the little red schoolhouse in old Southport. Well, times have changed since then, and you have become a great man, and got rich, I suppose."

I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in,—

"Oh! yes you are, I know you are rich; no use denying it. You was comptroller for—for a long time; and the next time we heard of you, you were Governor. You must have had a heap of money, and I am glad of it—glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school, and I knew that you would come to something."

I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined.

"I suppose," said I, "fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport?"

"Oh, yes," said he, "I hain't got nothing to complain of. I must say I have got along right smart. You see, shortly after you left Southport, our family moved up into Vermont and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees and cleared more land than any other in the state."

"And so you have made a good thing of it. How much do you consider yourself worth?" I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed to be so well satisfied with his.

"Well," he replied, "I don't exactly know how much I am worth; but I think (straightening himself up) if all my debts were paid, I should be worth three hundred dollars clear cash!" He was rich, for he was satisfied.

☞ If a man's opinions and arguments can be disproved and refuted, he is in no danger of being persecuted on account of them.

☞ What did the whale say to Jonah when he swallowed him? Come in out of the wet, you little rascal.

Complimentary Capitals.

Everybody knows that in old English books of a certain date initial capital letters were assigned promiscuously as a sort of prerogative and dignity to all nouns substantive, just as they are in German. The reverent thought that lay at the bottom of this fashion, perhaps, was that a substantive, being a thing of dignity and reality, stood to its appendant adjectiveness as a knight to his squire, or a monarch to his surrounding courtiers. A levelling revolutionary sentiment that nouns substantive were no better than their neighbors was, we may be sure, at the bottom of the change which in course of time decapitated substantives, as the French democrats at the beginning of the century decapitated their nobles and their kings. Profane minds were impressed with the notion that nouns were only names after all, and that one class of words had no right to give themselves aristocratic airs, or to lord it in big letters over the rest. A lawless democratic spirit took possession of the printer's office, and made havoc among the *ancienne noblesse*. Henceforward, nouns had to show cause why they should be promoted to high honor, and a pure philosophy, such as we see in Sir Lytton Bulwer, for example, came in and insisted that the true and the beautiful were better than any ordinary nouns who had only been raised to honor by tradition and custom. The consequence has been a general deluge, at the close of which Providence, and Her Majesty the Queen of England, and the Royal Family, and the Lord Mayor, and Dukes, and Bishops, and other objects of human worship and veneration, were left standing with complimentary capitals as a token of distinction, and the True and the Beautiful were admitted as a sort of life peers into this aristocratic society. From time to time poets and philosophers exercised their undoubted prerogative, and adopted a few other worthy commoners into the order, and the To-morrow and the Hereafter and the To-be and the great Forever took their places among the ennobled adverbs and adjectives of the land. Such progress as this ought to be very gratifying to all good and thoughtful minds. We may reasonably feel that no deserving part of speech, down to the humblest conjunction, is shut out from rising in the world, provided only it does its duty. Sir Lytton Bulwer and Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Kingsley have got their eyes upon every nook and corner of the English dictionary, and will never consent to leave merit unrewarded merely on account of grammatical considerations or prejudices. No hard-working adjective need despair, any more than the working man need despair in real life.

Too Much Reading.

I never knew but one or two fast readers, and readers of many books, whose knowledge was worth anything. Miss Martineau says of herself, that she is the slowest of readers—sometimes a page in an hour; but then, what she reads she makes her own. Do impress this on E———. Girls read too much, and think too little. I will answer for it that there are few girls of eighteen who have not read more books than I have; and as to religious books, I can count on my fingers in two minutes all I have read, but then they are mine. Sir Erskin Perry said the other day that, a fortnight ago, in a conversation with Comte, one of the most profound thinkers in Europe, Comte told him that he had read an incredible small number of books these last twenty years; I forget how many, and scarcely a review. But then, what Comte reads lies there fructifying, and comes out a living tree with leaves and fruit.

Multifarious reading weakens the mind more than doing nothing; for it becomes a necessity at last, like smoking, and is an excuse for the mind to lie dormant, whilst thought is poured in, and runs through, a clear stream, over unproductive gravel, on which not even mosses grow. It is the idlest of all idleness, and leaves more of impotency than any other. I do not give myself as a specimen; for my nervous energies are shattered by stump oratory, its excitement and reactions; but I know what reading is—for I could once, and did. I read hard or not at all, never skimming, never turning aside to mere inviting books; and Plato, Aristotle, Butler, Thucydides, Sterne, Jonathan Edwards, have passed like the iron atoms of the blood into my mental constitution.—*F. W. Robertson.*

ONE WORD WITH THEE.

One word with thee—one sweet, yet mournful meeting,
If but to catch again thy low, soft tone,
And clasp thy hand, and feel its warm pulse beating
With love's delicious throb against my own!
If but to catch thine eye, and hear thee say
I will remember thee when far away.

One word with thee—though not of hope or gladness—
On which to muse when we are far apart;
A whisper breathed in silence and in sadness,
To leave a hush for ever in my heart.
One word to treasure in my bosom's core;
Whether we meet again or meet no more.

One word with thee—one brief, yet blissful meeting—
To catch thy voice—where last we met alone;
Whose faintest sigh can set this heart to beating
With thoughts and feelings that it dare not own;
One word of bliss: O God! and can it be
That this may be our last? One word with thee!

Dull Boys.

Sir Isaac Newton, when at school, stood at the bottom of the lowermost form but one. Barrow, the great English divine and mathematician, when a boy at the Charterhouse School, was notorious for his idleness and indifference to study. Adam Clark, in his boyhood, was proclaimed by his father to be a grievous dunce. Even Dean Swift made a disastrous failure at the University. Sheridan was presented by his mother to a tutor as an incorrigible dunce. Walter Scott was a dull boy at his lessons, and while a Student at Edinburgh University received his sentence from Professor Dalzell, the celebrated Greek scholar, that "dunce he was, and dunce he would remain." Chatterton was returned on his mother's hands, as "a fool, of whom nothing could be made." Wellington never gave any indications of talent until he was brought into the field of practical effort, and was described by his strong-minded mother, who thought him little better than an idiot, as fit only to be "food for powder."—*Scientific American.*

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

A DANGEROUS PROMISE.

It was pleasant to Miss Spencelaugh to exchange the blinding glare of the hot May sunshine, through the midst of which she had walked up from the town, for the shaded coolness of the morning-room in which luncheon was laid out, with its vista of greenery in the conservatory beyond, and the low musical plash of a tiny fountain hidden somewhere among the flowers; for she had been down in Normanford all morning, assisting at the installation of a new mistress for the school in which she took so great an interest; tempted by the fineness of the day, she had chosen to walk both there and back; and now came in, tired, indeed, but with a heightened color in her cheeks, and an added brightness in her eyes, which made her look thoroughly charming.

She found her uncle, Sir Philip Spencelaugh, already seated at table, immersed in the *Times* newspaper, which had just arrived by mid-day train, and demanded to be skimmed through before luncheon could be discussed in comfort. He beamed on her kindly through his spectacles, and nodded his white head as Frederica entered the room. "A splendid day for the peaches, my dear," he said, and then returned to his reading. Lady Spencelaugh had not yet left her own apartments; and as she was frequently not visible till dinner-time, her absence excited no surprise.

"There's something here that will interest you, Freddy," said Sir Philip, as, laughing one of his dry quiet laughs, he handed the newspaper across the table to his niece, marking a certain passage with his thumb; and then taking off his spectacles, he proceeded to rub the glasses with his handkerchief, keeping his eyes fixed meanwhile on Frederica.

The passage indicated was among the marriage announcements, and ran as follows: "At Bombay, on 20th March, Captain George Cliffe Barringer, of the —th Regiment, to Euphemia, only daughter of Colonel Sir Charles Patterson, of Bryanstone Square, London." A simple statement enough, but one pregnant with much meaning to Frederica Spencelaugh. She could feel the whiteness that crept over her face as she read, and in her heart a hollow aching pain, as though some vital thread had suddenly snapped, and therewith the gladness of her life had gone out for ever. But without his spectacles, the baronet's eyes were dim, and Sir Philip suspected nothing.

Frederica had a proud and resolute spirit; her uncle evidently expected her to make some comment on the news; and before the pause had time to become an awkward one, she had rallied her strength sufficiently to speak.

"I think, sir, it would have been more courteous on the part of Captain Barringer, considering the trouble you have been at on his account, had he written to inform you of his marriage, instead of leaving you to discover it by accident." There was a tremulous ring in her voice, which not all her efforts could entirely suppress. Oh, to get away to the silence and solitude of her own room!

"The service, my dear, that I rendered George was nothing as between friends," said Sir Philip; "and at his age, young fellows detest letter-writing—at least I know that I did; besides which, he was in love, and therefore not accountable, like an ordinary mortal."

What could Frederica do but turn over the newspaper, and make believe to be suddenly interested in the political news; but the words danced before her eyes, and a wild confusion of tangled thoughts rushed madly through her brain.

"Last time I was in town," resumed Sir Philip, as he helped himself to the wing of a chicken, "I fell in with my old friend Desborough, whom I had not seen for several years, and who was formerly colonel of the regiment in which Barringer is now captain. George's name came up in the course of conversation, and I then learned that he was known among his comrades at the mess-table as 'Captain Flirt'—a sobriquet which requires no explanation. But Reynard has got caught at last, probably by some one more wary than himself; and will now, let us hope, meet with the punishment due to his transgressions. The rascal's stay at Belair was happily of the shortest, else there is no knowing what damage those languishing eyes of his might have done to thy own poor heart, *ma petite.*"

She got away at last, under the plea of a headache, for Sir Philip was inclined to be prosy, and to sit longer than usual over his luncheon to-day—away to her own pleasant little room, which looked out over the great park of Belair, and across the sunny fruitful valley, far into the dim recesses of the hills beyond. She bolted the door, and stood before the window, with clasped hands that fell dejectedly before her, while bitter tears overbrimmed her eyelids one by one. Her proud spirit was broken for the time; she was there, without fear of witness, weeping for her lost love.

Some ninety or a hundred years before the opening of our story, the heir of the Spencelaughs had chosen for his bride a noble Spanish lady of Old Castile; and many traits, both of person and disposition, had come down to Frederica from her lovely ancestress, whose portrait by Sir Joshua was one of the chief ornaments of the gallery at Belair. The oval face, the delicate clear-cut features, the pure olive complexion, through which the rich blood mantled so warmly on the slightest provocation, were common to both of them. Both, too, possessed the same large black liquid eyes, through which looked forth a soul keen, restless, and loving; and the same free proud pose of the small thoroughbred head, crowned with rich, heavy coils of raven hair, which, in the case of Frederica, were shot through with a golden arrow, to keep them in their place. Her slender throat was encircled by a heavy necklace of opals, set in dead gold; and her delicately-tinted dress, of some light summer material, set off by its harmonious contrast the full measure of her dusky loveliness.

Frederica's April shower of regretful tears for her lost love was soon over. "Fool that I am," she cried, "to weep for the loss of that which was never worth having!" and brushing the last of her tears impatiently away, she proceeded to light the wax-taper which stood on the table, and from it the heap of fancy shavings with which the fireless grate was filled. While these were still blazing swiftly up the chimney, she went into her bed-room, and taking up a book of Devotions which lay on the *prie-dieu* that occupied one corner of the room, she opened it at the spot where a faded white rose lay between the leaves—a white rose, withered and dried almost to tinder, but which, only one short half hour ago, was cherished as a treasure beyond price. Her lips curved into a smile of bitter disdain as she looked on it now; and there was a dangerous glitter in her eyes, which Captain George Cliffe Barringer, had he been there, would scarcely have cared to encounter. Carrying the open book in her hands as though it held some noxious insect, she went back to the flame, into which she shook the withered rose, looking on in silence while it dropped to pieces and shrivelled up to white ashes in the heat. She had no letters nor any other love-token than this one poor flower; and when that was gone, she felt as though the last frail tie which bound her to George Barringer were indeed broken for ever. With the same hard, proud look still on her face, she rang the bell, and ordered her mare, Zuleika, to be got in readiness, while she proceeded to put on her riding-habit and hat. The air of the house seemed to stifle her; she wanted to be away, out on the great breezy headlands, with the far-reaching sea before her eyes, where it swept outward, unconfined, to the dim blue edge of the horizon.

Down the long avenue of the park, under spreading branches of beech, and chestnut, and strong-limbed oak; through pleasant little Normanford, lying warm and sleepy in the hot afternoon sunshine; away over wide stretches of upland; past great Creve Tor, standing up white and solemn, scarred with the thunders of a thousand years, with the little river brawling far below; along the white chalky high-road, that went zigzagging in and out among the green wooded hills, rode Frederica Spencelaugh, swiftly, followed at a respectful distance by Mr. Bevis, the groom.

All the pleasant familiar features of the landscape were lost upon Frederica to-day; her mind was far away, living over again in memory that sweet holiday-time of love, that one brief golden episode of her young life, whose story she had ever since been whispering to her heart, but which must never more be told again. How well she remembered that day, but two short years ago, when her uncle, returning from town, brought to Belair a tall, handsome stranger, who was introduced to her as Captain Barringer, the son of an old friend, encountered accidentally in London; and what a different complexion her life had taken from that hour! There had been no lack of suitors for Miss Spencelaugh's heart and hand, either in town or country, for she was the greatest heiress in all Monkshire, and a beauty beside; but up to that time she had moved on her way "in maiden meditation, fancy free." By what subtle process Captain Barringer had contrived to steal away her heart before she knew of the loss, she herself would have been least able to explain. There were no other visitors at Belair during his stay; and having the whole field to himself, he had set himself down, in his lazy, resolute fashion, *pour passer le temps*, to win the love of the niece of his father's friend.

It was, however, a conquest unsuspected by every one but the object of it, and all the more dangerous to Frederica's peace of mind in that the captain's system of love-making precluded any vulgar confession on his part. A pressure of the hand, gentle but full of meaning; a glance from those wonderful eyes of his, which said, "I adore you," with far more emphasis than mere words could have done; a mere whisper in her ear as she sat at the piano; a voice delicately modulated, which could lend to words otherwise commonplace a meaning intended for her alone—these were the only tokens by which Frederica had learned that she was beloved; but for her they were full of sweet significance.

Captain Barringer's stay at Belair was brought to a premature close by an imperative summons to join his regiment in India. Any but a very observant spectator of the parting between him and Frederica would have characterised that ceremony as a piece of polite frigidity; but it had occult signs of its own, unnoted by the world, in that tender lingering pressure of the hand; in that one flashing glance of love from the soldier's dark luminous eyes, artfully veiled next moment under their long lashes; in those two little words, "Diana forget," whispered under the breath, and instinct with a precious meaning of their own. And then he was gone.

"Diana forget!" Would she ever forget him? whispered Frederica to herself. No; never—never!

Two uneventful years had come and gone since Captain Barringer left Belair; but neither the distractions of half a season in London (town did not agree with Lady Spencelaugh's health), nor the quieter pleasures of country-life, had dulled the edge of Frederica's memory. Day after day she lived over again in thought the words, the looks, the tones of the gay young soldier; and without being in the least melancholy or loverlorn, she clung with all a woman's devotion to the fetish she had set up in her own heart, saying to herself, times without number, that it must be good and true because it was so beautiful. She heard of her idol frequently, but not from him; certain law-proceedings, which the baronet had kindly consented to watch in the interest of his young friend, necessitating frequent communications between the captain and Sir Philip; and the letters of the former never concluded without some message to Miss Spencelaugh, which the baronet always delivered with perfect good faith in their humorous unveracity; but wherefrom Frederica contrived to elicit a deeper meaning than the mere words themselves seemed to convey. In one of his earlier epistles, Captain Barringer had declared his intention of selling out at the end of three years, and coming home to settle; an intimation which, to Frederica's ears, could have but one interpretation—then would his love, hitherto unspoken, reveal itself in words, then would he claim her as his own for ever.

But it was all over now—the bright dream which she had cherished with such tender faithfulness. Love's little comedy was played out; the lamps were extinguished; the curtain had come down with a run; and the chill gray daylight of reality was poured over the scene of so many vanished illusions. In the first sharp pain of her loss, she thought herself more deeply stricken than she was in reality; she knew little of the gentle power of Time to heal far worse wounds than hers; but deemed that all her life must henceforth be as blank and dreary as she felt the present to be. Her woman's pride was deeply wounded to find how easily she had allowed herself to be fooled by one whose only object had been to while away a few idle hours; but she held her crushed heart bravely, and uttered no plaint; and never had her eyes shone more brightly, nor her dark beauty flushed to a rarer loveliness, than on that sunny afternoon when she rode seaward from Belair, with the dearest hopes of her young life quenched within her for ever.

A strong tide was rolling magnificently in when Frederica reined up her mare on the summit of the great rock known as Martell's Leap. She took off her hat, and let the breeze play among her hair, and listened to the roar of the waves as they shivered on the beach three hundred feet below; with eyes that followed dreamily in the wake of some outward-bound ship, whose white sails gleamed ghost-like through the haze that veiled the horizon a mile or two away. She watched till the ship could be seen no longer, and then turned Zuleika's head inland, and rode gently homeward by way of St. David's Valley, and through the fruitful champaign country that stretched southward from Belair. Coming up with Sir Philip in the park, leading his cob by the bridle, which had fallen lame, she dismounted, and took her uncle's arm, while Mr. Bevis turned off in the direction of the stables with Zuleika and the cob.

"Your roses are quite brilliant this afternoon," said the old man gallantly. "Oh, been as far as Martell's Leap, have you? Far better than dawdling in the house, my dear; only be careful you don't let Zuleika take you too near the edge, or the catastrophe that gave its name to the place might unfortunately be repeated. Let us rest here for a minute or two; I have something particular to say to you, and I could hardly have a quieter spot than this to say it in."

Frederica's heart sank within her; she foreboded but too surely what it was that her uncle wished to say to her. They had left the main avenue of the park, and had taken a by-path through the shrubbery which would bring them more quickly to the house, and had now reached a little secluded nook among the greenery—a semicircle of softest turf, planted round with evergreens, with here and there a rustic seat, and in the midst a tall terminal figure of Hymen in white marble, placed there by some previous owner of Belair, to make sacred the grove where he had wooed and won the lady whom he afterwards made his wife.

The baronet and his niece sat down on a curiously-carved bench, shaded by an immense laurel from the rays of the westering sun. Sir Philip sat without speaking for a minute or two, tapping his boot absently with his riding-whip—a tall, white-haired, handsome old man, but very frail and delicate-looking; with manners that were marked by a certain kindly, old-world courtliness of tone not often met with now a days.

"You remember, Freddy," he began at last, "my speaking to you, some time ago, respecting the union which I wished to bring about between my friend Duplessis and yourself? You have not forgotten what passed at that time?"

"I have not forgotten, uncle."

"That is well. I forbore to press the subject because I saw that it was distasteful to you, but none the less has it dwelt in my mind ever since, and I cannot rest till I have brought it once more before your attention, and—and, in short, done all that lies in my power to induce you to view it in a more favorable light. I am an old man, and my time in this world is short—nay, my dear, it is as I tell you; I say it calmly and seriously. When spring next comes round, I shall hardly be among you; and my medical man, if he chose, could tell you the same thing. You have been as dear to me, Freddy, as any daughter could have been, and I am naturally anxious to see you comfortably settled, and with a home of your own, while I am still here to look after your interests. Lady Spencelaugh and you have never agreed overwell together; and when I shall be gone, Gaston will be master of Belair, and the old house will hardly seem like a home to you. We have no near relatives; and the secluded life which the state of my health has compelled me to lead, has precluded the formation of many intimate friendships. Under these circumstances, the consideration of your future has naturally been a source of some anxiety to me; and to see you happily married, dear, would lift a great weight from my mind. When your father lay dying, he took me by the hand, and said: 'When I am gone, Phil, you must look after my little girl. I leave her in your hands. Bring her up religiously, and when she is old enough, find her a good man for a husband; and may Heaven deal by you as you deal by her!' I loved you at first because you were a wee little orphan and my brother's child, but soon you grew as dear to me as though you were my own; and I have striven to carry out poor Arthur's wishes to the best of my ability."

"Dear uncle!" said Frederica with tearful eyes. "Papa himself could not have done more for me than you have done."

"For the last half-dozen years," resumed Sir Philip, "I have been hoping that of your own accord, and without a word from me, you would pick out some worthy gentleman on whom to bestow your hand and heart—and of such suitors you have had more than one or two to whom I could have given you with every confidence. But time goes on, and still Endymion comes not, and to all others Diana is cold as an icicle."

He took her hand fondly, and stroked it gently between his. "Four months ago," he went on, "my friend, Henri Duplessis, came to me, and asked my permission to address you on a subject very near to his heart. The permission he asked for I gave him readily, knowing no man to whom I would sooner intrust the happiness of my darling than to him. He spoke to you, and his suit was rejected; and in that respect he only met the fate of others who had ventured before him. For his sake, I departed from the course I laid down for myself long ago—not to interfere by word or look in such matters. I hinted to you how happy it lay in your power to make both him and me, could you see your way clearly to do so. My words distressed you, and I told you to consider them as unsaid. But again, to-day, I venture to plead once more the cause of my friend. Do not mistake me, however; I am not here at his request—he knows nothing of this. He bowed unmurmuringly to your decision, and from that day to this the subject has never been mentioned between us; but, unless I misjudge him greatly, he is not a man whose feelings readily change. Ah, Freddy, if you could but learn to look favorably on him! He is a gentleman by birth and education—generous, handsome, and accomplished; and although he is not a rich man, that fact would not, I am sure, influence your inclinations in the slightest degree. That he is brave, both you and I have had ample proof, else he would not have risked his life to save mine as recklessly as he did that day in the Pyrenees. When a man reaches my age, he seldom makes new friendships; but my heart seemed to warm to Henri Duplessis from the moment my eyes opened on his pleasant face, bent anxiously over

me, in that little *auberge* among the hills; had it not been for his bold spirit and strong arm, they would never have opened again on earth. Ah, Freddy, Freddy, if you could but learn to like him!"

He was still stroking her hand tenderly between his withered palms. There was a far-away look in Frederica's eyes as she sat, almost as immovable as a statue, gazing out into the violet sky; but there was a bitter warfare going on in her heart.

"Would it make you so very happy, uncle, if I were to try to 'like' Mr. Duplessis a little?"

A bright eager light came into the old man's eyes, and his hands began all at once to tremble as he spoke. "Would it make me happy?" he said. "It would take away altogether my greatest earthly anxiety; it would cheer and gladden, far more than I can tell you, the few remaining days that are left me in this world, and crown my life with a happiness which I feel would be far greater than my deserts. Ah, darling, tell me that you will do this, and an old man's blessing will follow you through life!"

"I will strive to do as you wish, uncle," said Frederica.

He drew her face close to his, and kissed her fondly, and then turned away his head, for his eyes were dim, and he wanted time to recover himself.

"We will go home now, uncle, if you please," said Frederica. There was something in the tone of her voice which grated on his ears, and he peered anxiously into her face as he offered her his arm; and his heart sank a little, she looked so passionless and cold, with that stony far-away look in her eyes, as though she had caught a glimpse of the Gorgon's head in passing, and already the blight were falling upon her.

"Were I not as certain as a poor human being can be of anything," urged he, hastily, "that this step will ultimately conduce to your happiness, I would not persuade you to take it. Some day, dear, in the years to come, you will look back and say: 'My old uncle did what he thought best for my happiness, and his judgment was not such a bad one after all.' Henri will make you a true and loving husband—of that I am sure."

"Pardon me, uncle," said Frederica, "but you are putting a far more absolute construction on my words than I intended them to convey."

He laughed a pleased little laugh. "Well, well; perhaps so," he said. "Only give Duplessis an opportunity of pleading his suit in person, and I will willingly leave the rest to time."

They were close to the house by this time, and as they turned a corner of the shrubbery, whom should they see approaching slowly on horseback from the opposite direction but Monsieur Henri Duplessis himself!

"By Jove!" exclaimed Sir Philip. "Why, here comes our hero in person! I suppose you won't care, Freddy, if—— Eh, why, what! were the deuce has the girl got to?"

Frederica, on seeing who was coming, had slipped back out of sight, and traversing quickly a narrow side-path through the evergreens, came, in a few minutes, by a private door into Lady Spencelaugh's flower-garden, from whence she quickly made her way unseen to her own room.

Having divested herself of her hat and riding-habit, she flung herself wearily on the bed. Both heart and head ached strangely: and she felt just then that it would be well to die, and so end all this miserable coil that was gathering round her life, and from which there seemed no other mode of escape. "Why does the Great Angel always refuse to come to the weary ones who long for his presence?" she murmured to herself. And then she fell to thinking of the promise she had given her uncle—a dangerous promise certainly, seeing in whose favor it was made. And yet, what did it matter? He whom she loved was lost to her for ever, and just then she was indifferent to everything except that one miserable fact.

CHAPTER II.

MOTHER AND SON.

On the same afternoon that the events related in the foregoing chapter took place, Mrs. Winch, landlady of the *Hand and Dagger*, the principal inn and posting-house in Normanford, drove up to Belair in her little pony chaise, accompanied by her son Jerry. In the old coaching days, the *Hand and Dagger* had been one of the best inns in all Monkshire, noted for its excellent accommodation and moderate charges; but with the advent of railways, and the extinction of stage-coaches, its importance had become a tradition of the past; it had now sunk into a common-place country hotel, the ghost of its former self, with now and then a solitary commercial traveller to shudder in the desolation of its great bare coffee-room; or with perhaps a rich family or two for a few days in autumn, who had ventured thus far in search of the picturesque. For the most part, however, it was abandoned to the effete conviviality of the Town Club, which assembled in its best parlor twice a week, to discuss the affairs of the nation in general, and those of Normanford in particular.

Mrs. Winch was a widow of many years' standing. Her husband had been landlord of the *Hand and Dagger* during its prosperous days, and she now clung to it in its decadence, all the more tenaciously, perhaps, in that her friends were constantly advising her to give it up, and take a house of less pretensions and fewer expenses; and although these friends were always asseverating—among themselves—that her expenditure was far in excess of her diminished income, and that another year or two must inevitably make a bankrupt of her, Mrs. Winch still went serenely on her way, laughing to scorn all such valetudinations, dressing in silks and satins, and taking her pleasure after her own fashion, as though the *Hand and Dagger* were the most prosperous of hotels. She was a person, too, of some consideration up at Belair, and the lodge-keeper took care to touch his hat to her as he opened the gates for her chaise to enter; as did also the footman who answered her imperative ring at the side-door—not the servants' door, if you please, but that convenient entrance generally made use of by the great people themselves when their was no company at Belair, and with which Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, and Mr. Bellamy, the steward, had also a daily familiarity.

"Is my Lady at home, and disengaged?" asked Mrs. Winch of the footman.

"At home, and I believe disengaged, ma'am," answered the man in the most respectful of tones, as he held out his wrist to assist her to alight.

"Look after the pony, Jerry; I shall not be long," said the landlady to her son, as she shook the stiff folds of her silk dress into their proper form, before following the footman into the house.

Jerry took the reins loosely, and nodded at his mother without speaking; he knew that the pony was quite competent to take care of itself, and his mind, just then, was intent on something else—on a waltz which he had heard a German band playing in the market place as he left home, and which he had been crooning over to himself ever since; there were a few bars, however, which he couldn't exactly remember, and no sooner had the door closed behind his mother, than he drew from one of his capacious pockets a long tin whistle, in the management of which he was a great adept, and proceeded to play softly over the tune which was haunting his brain; after several failures and stumblings over one or two difficult passages, he succeeded in playing it through without a blunder; then he flourished the whistle wildly round his head, and gave vent to a loud unearthly screech of delight—a sort of "Hoo-hoo-hoo!" ending with a bark almost like that of a dog, and which, without further indication, would at once have told a stranger that poor Jerry's wits were not where they ought to be.

Jerry Winch was one of the institutions of Normanford, and known to all its inhabitants both young and old. He was a tall, handsome lad of eighteen, with long, flaxen hair, and a clear sun-burnt complexion; dressed in a suit of home-spun gray, with a tall, sugar-loaf hat of gray felt, battered and weather-stained, the shape of which added not a little to the strangeness of his appearance. His eyes were deep blue, but from their depths there looked out at you a flickering, impish will-o'-the-wisp—sometimes nothing but the imp of fun and laughter, but in his darker moods one that was ready to do any devil's trick that might come first to hand; while irresolution and want of purpose were just as plainly indicated by his sensitive, loosely-hung mouth, and his pointed chin, in which lurked a dimple that many a beauty might have been proud to call her own. As a rule, Jerry was looked down upon by the people of Normanford as a harmless, good-natured fool, ready to do an errand for anybody, but lacking the sense necessary for any but commissions of the simplest kind—a simpleton, who, if his mother had not been able to maintain him, must have been thrown upon the parish as one incapable of earning a living for himself. But there were not wanting a few people in Normanford who prided themselves on their penetration, and who were ready to aver that all Jerry's vagaries were not of such a harmless nature as his friends would have people believe; that the imp by which he was possessed was a malignant one, quite capable of bearing a grudge, and of revenging it, too, in its own stealthy devilish fashion. These detractors would whisper mysteriously among themselves, and ask one another who it was that set fire to Farmer Gubbins's ricks, six months after that individual had laid his riding-whip lightly across Jerry's shoulders, as a warning against turnip-stealing, a weakness to which Mrs. Winch's son was much addicted. Who was it, too, these same folks would like to know, that flung the poisoned meat into Squire Wakefield's kennel, and so caused the death of a dozen hounds, a few weeks after Jerry had been bitten in the hand by that gentleman's mastiff, which took that way of showing its objection to being poked in the ribs with a walking-stick? Who, again, was it, they asked, that coming suddenly behind poor Widow Brown one dark night, pushed her off the high bank into the river, where, but for the merest accident, she would have been drowned, several months after she had threatened Jerry with the penalties of the law for torturing her favorite black cat? These would have been serious questions, had there been any shadow of proof that Jerry was the party in fault; but there being nothing to implicate him in the slightest degree, and his friends being in the proportion of fifty to one against his detractors, these ugly whispers gradually died out, and his popularity remained as well established as before.

Jerry's tootlings had scarcely come to an end, when the door was opened, and Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, stepped out, carrying something under cover of her apron.

"Well, Jerry, my man, and how are you to-day?" said the stately old dame. Mrs. Winch and she had been bitter enemies for years; but for the half-witted Jerry the housekeeper had always a kindly word.

"His health is quite salubrious, ma'am: with many obligations to you," answered Jerry, with a tug at the brim of his napless hat. He always spoke of himself in the third person, and delighted, when addressing those he deemed his superiors in life, to make use of the longest words his memory could supply him with—though, as his mother used to say, where he contrived to pick them up was a mystery to every one.

"You could eat a nice cake, couldn't you, Jerry?" said Mrs. Jones.

Jerry burst into his wild, unearthly laugh, but checked himself midway, and becoming grave in an instant, touched his hat deprecatingly, and gazed with eager, hungry eyes at the housekeeper's concealed treasure.

"What do you think of that, now? Isn't it a beauty?" and Mrs. Jones flung back her apron, displaying as she did so a round cake the size of a dessert-plate, thickly sprinkled with currants.

Jerry's mouth literally began to water as he gazed, and his eyes went up to the housekeeper's with a wistful, pathetic expression, which the old lady had no heart to resist.

"Here, lad, take it," said the kindly old woman; "and if you eat it all, it will do you no harm. Only I hope to goodness, Jerry, that you have got none of them nasty snakes about you to-day. Ugh!" and the housekeeper shuddered, and drew back a step or two.

Jerry paused in his mastication of the first mouthful. "He left all his pets at home to-day, that's what he did."

"I'm glad of it; and if I were you, my boy, I'd chop their heads off.—Bless me, what an appetite the lad has!" and with a hearty good-morning, the housekeeper went back indoors, and left Jerry to the quiet discussion of his cake, who no sooner found himself alone, than he gave utterance to a couple of wild "Hoo-hoo-hoo" laughs, and then returned, as grave as a judge, to the business in hand, and so went quietly on till the cake was eaten to the last crumb.

Jerry's next proceeding was to partially unbutton his capacious waistcoat, and inserting his hand into some folds of flannel that could be seen below, to draw therefrom, one after the other, a couple of large vipers, which he proceeded to fondle and play with, as though they were the most charming and innocent pets in the world. "Chop off your heads, my beautiful ones, did the old cat say?" murmured Jerry, while the reptiles twisted themselves about his neck and arms, and seemed to reciprocate his caresses. "Jerry would sooner chop her head off, any day. Dear to Jerry's heart art thou, oh beautiful Mogaddo! and not less thou, oh lovely Pipanta! Your master loves you both. And to-night ye shall haunt that old hag's dreams. She shall see you twining about her toes, and feel you biting the soles of her feet, and she shall have no power to stir. Jerry wills it so! But nothing worse shall happen to her this time, because she gave Jerry a cake—a beautiful cake! and some day she may, perhaps, give him another. Hoo-hoo-eeh!"

Then Jerry, placing the vipers on the seat before him, took out his tin whistle, and began to play a sweet, quaint old air in a minor key; and presently the reptiles lifted up their heads, and gradually began to sway their bodies to and fro, as though in unison with the tune.

"What a nice, fat, overlapping neck the old hag has!" murmured Jerry, pausing after a time for lack of breath. "Jerry's fingers itched to gripe it. It would be nice, on a dark night, to seize it suddenly from behind, and hear it gurgle, and gasp, and choke—a neck, my beautiful Magoddo, for which thou wouldst make a charming necklace; and now dance, dance, little ones, while the sun is warm, and your master's heart is glad!"

Mrs. Winch, passing through several rooms and corridors, with all of which she was well acquainted, came at last to that wing of the great house of Belair in which Lady Spencelaugh's private apartments were situated.

"Mrs. Winch to see my Lady," lisped Mr. Plush in dulcet accents, ushering the landlady into an ante-room, the sole inmate of which was Lady Spencelaugh's new maid, seated at her embroidery, who rose and frowned unmistakably at the intruder.

"My Lady is engaged, and cannot be seen," exclaimed Mademoiselle Clotilde, with a strong French accent. "And you, sir"—to the footman—"never bring visitors here again, without first receiving permission to do so."

"You say that my Lady is engaged. Has she company with her, or is she alone?" said the widow, still advancing towards the inner door.

"That concerns you not at all. I tell you my Lady is engaged, and will not see any one," cried Mademoiselle, planting herself full before the sacred door.

"Tush! girl; I know what that means," exclaimed the undaunted widow. "She is taking her afternoon nap, and doesn't like being disturbed. But she will always see Martha Winch, let her come when and how she may; so stand aside, and try to remember me when you see me next;" and before Mademoiselle Clotilde knew what had happened, she found herself swung a couple of yards away, while Mrs. Winch passed quickly forward into the inner room, and shut the door in her face.

"Remember you, Madame!" muttered the French girl between her teeth, as she twisted her fingers viciously in her black hair. "Yes, I shall not forget you to-day, nor to-morrow, nor next year. What secret is there, I wonder, between my Lady and you, that you have permission to see her at any hour? That is just what it must be thy business to discover, *ma mignonne!*"

The demeanor of Mrs. Winch underwent an entire change the moment she found herself in the presence of Lady Spencelaugh, who, roused thus unceremoniously from her afternoon slumber, started up in amazement, and glared at the intruder. Mrs. Winch stood with her back to the door with a deprecatory air, and waited in submissive silence for my Lady to address her.

"Is that you, Martha Winch?" said Lady Spencelaugh sharply. "I think you might have chosen a more appropriate time for your visit; you know how greatly I dislike being disturbed at this hour of the day."

"I should not have presumed to come at this time, my Lady, had I not received some important news, which I felt bound to communicate to you without the slightest delay."

"I don't care; you might have let me enjoy my afternoon nap in peace: it was unkind of you to disturb me."

"Important news from America," urged the widow in a subdued voice.

Lady Spencelaugh flushed slightly at these words, and her eyes had an anxious expression in them as they sought those of Mrs. Winch.

"Well, don't stand there, Martha," she said more kindly than before, "but come and sit down by me on the ottoman, and let us talk over this news of yours."

Mrs. Winch advanced into the room, and having pressed Lady Spencelaugh's proffered hand with respectful devotion to her lips, seated herself as requested, and opening her reticule, produced therefrom a newspaper and a letter.

Lady Spencelaugh had been accounted a beauty in her time, and at fifty years of age was still very nice-looking, with a white unwrinkled skin, and a clear bright color in her cheeks, without the slightest suspicion of rouge. Her eyes were large, dark, and vivacious, but somewhat frosty in expression; and she had the good sense to wear her own gray hair without disguise, or further adornment than those exquisite little caps toned together for her by the deft fingers of little lame Miss Garraway.

Lady Spencelaugh in her younger days had tasted the bitterness of genteel poverty, when, as Peggy Grant, the daughter of a poor Yorkshire squire, she had mended her father's hose, and made the pies and custards, and had a sharp eye after the domestic expenditure. That, of course, was before her rich aunt took her by the hand, and brought her out as a belle in London society, where, however, she contrived to play her cards so much amiss that at eight-and-twenty she was still unmarried, and was herself beginning to despair, when fortune threw a rich widower in her way in the person of Sir Philip Spencelaugh, whom, after six months of patient angling, she succeeded in landing high and dry on the shore of matrimony.

The ambition of Marguerite Grant was satisfied when she became Lady Spencelaugh, and she determined thenceforth to take life easily, and enjoy the full advantages of her position. Several brilliant seasons in London succeeded her marriage—that is, after Sir Philip finally settled in England, which was not till two years later, his regiment having been ordered to India for active service, in consequence of which he was unwilling for some time to sell out. But the rupture of a blood-vessel brought her Ladyship's career to a dismal termination, and confined her for many weary months to a sick-bed; and after her return to comparative health, she never dared to resume her former position in the gay world of London, two or three weeks in the May or June of each season satisfying all her ambition in that way; the rest of the year, with the exception of a couple of months at some watering place at home or abroad, being passed at Belair, where she never saw much company, the health of Sir Philip, like her own, being far from robust. Thus it fell out that for many years past Lady Spencelaugh had considered herself, and had been treated by every one about her, as an invalid, and as such had fallen into an easy, self-indulgent way of life, which she was too old to change; so, beyond checking the tradesmen's accounts herself, and keeping down the number of servants to the lowest point of efficiency, she interfered in no way with the management of the establishment at Belair. She liked to be nicely dressed, and to have a well-appointed carriage; she liked nice little French dinners, and hothouse flowers, and her after-luncheon nap, and an unlimited supply of new novels, English and foreign. Grant Lady Spencelaugh but these trifles, supplemented by an intermittent rain of mixtures "as before," connected for her by her favorite Dr. Roach, and, for the rest, the world might wag pretty much as it liked, for any interest she took in its sayings or doings. One son she had, Gaston Spencelaugh, the darling of his mother's heart, who had just left Cambridge, and was now in Paris, for the supposed purpose of perfecting himself in the French language.

A word as to the personal appearance of Mrs. Martha Winch, and we shall then get fairly under-way again with our story. The landlady of the *Hand and Dagger* was a tall, thin, large-featured woman, in reality nearly as old as Lady Spencelaugh, but her light flaxen hair showed as yet but few traces of age, while her figure was still as lithe and upright as though she were but a girl of twenty. She was a woman of few words, with manners that were grave almost to sternness; and was respected rather than liked by the people of Normanford—a woman of whom it might be averred, that although she had hundreds of acquaintances, it was much to be doubted whether she had a single friend; albeit, as we shall find hereafter, there were one or two vulnerable places in the widow's coldly-beating heart, notwithstanding.

"And now, Martha, for your important news," said Lady Spencelaugh.

Mrs. Winch paused for a moment with her hand on the letter. "Barbara Kreele is dead!" she said, with a voice that was almost sepulchral in its solemnity.

"Dead!" whispered her Ladyship, as though she could scarcely believe the news, while a sudden terror leaped into her eyes, and all the warmth and color died out of her face.

"Your Ladyship has no cause to be alarmed," said Mrs. Winch reassuringly. "Barbara has died as she lived—faithful to the *Secret!*"

Lady Spencelaugh gave a great sigh of relief, and wiped the perspiration from her brow with her delicate laced handkerchief. "Go on," she murmured. "Whose letter is that which you have got there?"

"This is a letter written by Barbara on her death-bed, after she knew that she could not recover, and left by her with directions that it should be forwarded immediately upon her decease. Accompanying it came this newspaper, which contains the notification of her death. With your Ladyship's permission, I will now read the letter, the contents of which are of so singular a character that I could not rest a moment after reading them, but hurried up to Belair at once."

Lady Spencelaugh was busily at work with her fan: it was evident that her mind was ill at ease. Martha Winch got up and turned the key of the door, and closed the French window; and then, going back to her seat, read, in a low and measured voice, the following letter:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Major Lewis Cass has sold his house and furniture at Detroit, having resolved henceforward to reside in Europe.

☞ A man lately swam across the Lake of Geneva, between Belotte and Belleview, in two hours and a half.

☞ HAY FEVER.—The Rev. H. H. Wood, curate of Hemingford Abbots, Huntingdonshire, England, writes that "hay fever" may be instantly relieved by bathing the nostrils and the closed eyelids with spirits of camphor and warm water.

☞ A little boy was left on the seat of a mowing-machine in Lancaster, Mass., when the horse started, and the little fellow was thrown under the knives and killed.

☞ A man in Wisconsin recently killed himself, in an experiment to regain his lost youth, by subjecting himself to intense heat. He was found cooked.

☞ It does not appear to be generally known, (says the Pall Mall Gazette,) but is, we understand, a fact, nevertheless, that the cause of Queen Victoria's recent visit to Balmoral was an attack of whooping cough, caught from the royal children, and which rendered immediate change of air necessary.

☞ "Caleb" says there are serious obstacles in the way of lightning despatches, when they charge for them like thunder.

☞ A young lady in England, eighteen years of age, saw fit to break off an engagement to marry, when the discarded suitor became angry, and threatened to publish her letters. The lady appealed to the Master of Rolls, and it was decided that the suitor had no right to publish, and an injunction was granted restraining him.

☞ Forrest proposes to found a home for retired actors and actresses. We have seldom known any of that kind.

☞ DOCTORATE OF LITERATURE.—This is the name of a new academical degree created by the University of London, and appears more appropriate, when conferred upon a man of letters, than that of Doctor of Laws.

☞ Two gentlemen in Iowa recently traded wives, one giving one thousand five hundred dollars "to boot." The citizens were scandalized by this proceeding, and threatened to apply the boot to him who had received the "boot," if he did not immediately leave the county with his new spouse. They left, but the other couple remained.

☞ BARON LYTTON OF KNEBWORTH.—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has been made a peer of England, with the above title. Lytton was his mother's family name, and Knebworth, in Herts, the estate which she bequeathed to him, her third son.

☞ Sydney Smith defined benevolence as the feeling which prompts A, when he sees B in distress, to ask C to help him. In like manner, the juror shows his chivalrous admiration for weak and lovely woman by ruining another man on her behalf. This is the only intelligible explanation of the astounding verdicts which are often given.

☞ Some of the dancers of the Paris opera are paid $30,000 a year.

A Philadelphia Alderman.

There is in this city a kind-hearted Alderman, known to everybody for his geniality. Business with the Alderman yesterday was dull. A rainy day tells as emptily to the exchequer of an alderman as it does to the keeper of a bonnet shop. About four o'clock in the afternoon a couple bent upon connubialism entered the office and stated their desire. The Alderman invited them to stand up, and, with a face whose gravity of expression would have reflected credit upon a bishop, began to deliver to them an address upon the general subject of matrimony. A number of people had dropped in about that time and got the full benefit of it. They occasionally snorted out into a laugh.

The Alderman was as immovable as Gibraltar. He began his discourse by a description of Paradise, and conclusively showed that, if Eve hadn't strayed away from Adam into a distant part of the garden, he (the Alderman), as well as all other people, would never have suffered from illicit pippins. The worthy Alderman made a running survey upon the prominent married ladies named in the Scriptures; touched lightly upon the mother of the Gracchi, Lady Blessington and Mrs. Stowe, and then switched off the track to the ladies of Africa who entertained Mungo Park, and the Esquimaux women, who wean their infant progeny upon blubber tea.

He had spoken about twenty minutes when the bridegroom, who was a German, interrupted.

"Dat is fine," said he, pulling out a very greasy greenback of the denomination of five dollars, and handing it to the Alderman, "but dere ish all de money vot I paye. I tell you dis *now*."

The Alderman crumpled the note in his vest pocket. The groom was apprehensive that for such an address a sum might be asked that would "size his pile." Some of the auditors stepped outside to laugh. The Alderman's face was as immobile as the pippin upon which he had been discanting.

"After what you have heard," asked the Alderman solemnly, "are you willing to proceed?"

"Yes, yes, you shust hurry up," said the impatient groom.

"No levity, my friend," said the Alderman, "this is a very solemn occasion. This is a civil contract, never to be abrogated or—"

The bride here interrupted, and rather loudly whispered to her swain that the quicker they got out the better. The groom evidently assented, for just as the worthy Alderman was about to continue his lecture, the stolid groom interposed with a remark that he wanted one of two things, either to be married within the next two minutes, or a return of the wedding fee.

The day had been too dull for the return of any money whatever. The worthy Alderman brought the ceremony to a close, adding, "I therefore pronounce you man and wife, and may God have mercy on your soul's!"

We came very near having two items on that occasion, at the same time. A worthy citizen present, in order to muffle his laughter, stuffed his pocket-handkerchief in his mouth. While the Alderman was pronouncing the benediction as above he narrowly escaped swallowing it. The newly married couple departed highly pleased. As the groom went out he said in an undertone to the blushing bride, "Repecker, dat was a goot sheech, it was wort more as ten dollars."—*Philadelphia North American.*

COFFEE.—The physical effects of coffee are well known; it accelerates the circulation of the blood, but sometimes causes palpitation of the heart and giddiness. It has even been thought to occasion apoplexy and paralysis. Nevertheless, celebrated writers—such as Fontenelle and Voltaire—made constant use of it, almost to an abuse. They were told, *it is a slow poison;* it was, indeed, slow for these learned men, who died, one at a hundred, the other eighty-four years of age. However, at the present time coffee is a beverage whose power over our intellectual or moral habits has, perhaps, never been calculated as it deserves, since it has become general, and almost suppressed the drunkenness which disgraced our ancestors at the end of their grand repasts.—*Virey.*

GOOD LOOKS.—Young men are mistaken when they think good looks their principal recommendation to women. A woman admires a handsome man for a time, but it needs something more than a good-looking face to retain this feeling. A woman is, as a general rule, more strongly drawn by the intellectual qualities of the opposite sex than by anything else. What is above said is also true of the gentler sex. A man frequently says of some belle: "Yes, she's very beautiful, but I thank heaven she isn't my wife!" Women like to be admired for their loveliness, and we do not mean to blame them for it; but it requires something more than mere beauty to enable them to retain their influence over men.

THE RINDERPEST.—At the Royal Veterinary College in England a very interesting series of experiments have for some time been in progress. The meat of cattle who have died of rinderpest, it is well known, is poison to man, and the veterinary surgeons have been trying its effects upon dogs. A number of these animals have been for some time fed upon the most diseased portions of cattle who have died from the rinderpest, the meat being given them both in the raw and in the cooked state. The result of the experiment is said to be that the dogs are fatter and apparently more healthy than ever. What is food for dogs is poison for man.

THE PNEUMATIC DESPATCH.—The London Pneumatic Despatch, by which small parcels are transported from one part of the city to another, by means of the exhaustion of air from a tube, is familiar to our readers. It appears, from a report recently made by the directors of the Pneumatic Despatch Company, that 120 tons of goods can be transmitted through the tube every hour, at a speed of eighteen miles an hour, and that the cost is less than one penny (two cents) per ton for each mile. They anticipate large dividends from the line when completed to points outside the city.

FAST HORSES.—M. Houel, a French writer, says the English have fallen behind the French in fast horses, by breeding for speed alone—a practice which in the end defeats its object "by producing an animal that can scarcely put one leg before the other." An English journal declares that the Frenchman is right, and warns his countrymen to mend the evil or quit the turf.

A Curious Thought--Is the World Growing Larger?

Is there not reason to think that this world is daily increasing in size? Is there not an action taking place on its surface analagous to that which occurs in a plastic cell when placed in circumstances favorable for its development? To illustrate this thought: We plant a little acorn, weighing a few grains, in the ground. In the course of time it becomes the large oak, weighing thousands of pounds, and spreading its branches far and wide in every direction. This oak gets its weight and bulk principally from the air we breathe, and remains upon the earth thousands of years, perhaps, and undergoes a great many changes before it is finally restored to the atmosphere, even if this event ever does take place. So animals derive their weight and bulk partly from the air they breathe into their lungs, and partly from the vegetable productions which they devour.

When animals die, their bodies, it is true, are partly decomposed into gas, and restored to the atmosphere, but they are principally seized upon and appropriated by growing vegetables, which in their turn are devoured by other animals. It thus seems to me that the earth, through the agency of its animal and vegetable productions, must be daily increasing at the expense of the atmosphere by which it is surrounded. In other words, the plants and animals of the earth are all the time appropriating to themselves the elements of the atmosphere and forming out of them new compounds which remain upon the earth an almost indefinite length of time before they are decomposed and restored to the atmosphere. This idea is illustrated in our coal mines. All coal was originally wood, and like all wood, was formed principally at the expense of the elements of the atmosphere.

This coal has remained upon the earth millions of years, perhaps, and now at length, men, urged on by their necessities, are digging it up, and by burning it, restoring it in the shape of carbonic acid to the atmosphere, from which it originally came. No one, it seems to me, can doubt that the earth is larger now than it was when this coal existed in the form of wood. Although the world may be increasing now, it does not follow that it will continue to increase for all time; sooner or later an equilibrium will be established between the amounts of elementary principles which the earth takes from and restores to the atmosphere. But at present, in my opinion, it is like a growing animal; its absorption exceeds its waste. In a word, our planet is not a full grown earth; it is merely an "earthling."—*The Scientific American.*

The President's Visit to Chicago.

It has already been announced that President Johnson, with some of his Cabinet officers, will be present at the laying of the corner-stone of the Douglas monument at Chicago, and that he contemplates at the same time visiting many northern cities. By the arrangements at present made for the visit, the party will leave Washington on the morning of Tuesday, August 28th, and arrive in Philadelphia at half-past one P. M. On Wednesday, August 29th, at 8 A. M., they go to New York. On Thursday morning, August 30th, they leave New York for Albany. On August 31st, they leave Albany and pass the night at Auburn, arriving at Niagara Falls on September 1st, where they stay over Sunday. The evening of September 3d is passed at Cleveland, of September 4th at Detroit, and on the 5th, the party will arrive at Chicago. Upon his return the President will pass through Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Columbus and Pittsburg. The special car built for President Lincoln will convey the party over the entire route, and the well-known superintendent of military railroads, General McCallum, will have charge of the transportation. The President's daughters, and also Secretary Seward's family, will form part of the company.

☞ In 1862 the question of the restoration to France of the remains of the Duke of Reichstadt was discussed. The subject has been revived of late in Paris, and it is said that Austria, which possesses the ashes of the first Emperor's son, is willing to concede them to France, in conformity with the expressed wish of Napoleon III. There are great preparations going forward at the Invalides, as though a fresh occupant of that splendid mausoleum was expected.

☞ "My 'pinion is," said a philosophical old lady of much experience and observation, "that any man as dies upon washin' day does it out of pure spite."

☞ Iron for Chickens.—An exchange says that when a piece of iron is thrown into a trough where chickens drink water, they are not affected with chicken cholera. A gentleman who has tried it, says that his chickens are thriving, while those of his neighbors are dying daily. As the chicken cholera is raging to some extent throughout the country, it might be well to try it. Iron will not hurt fowls, and a trial of it might be beneficial.

☞ Cable News.—The World, in view of the startling and sensational headings with which some journals introduce to their readers the very meagre despatches that come over the cable, there being generally "ten lines of head and two of tail," suggests that these sensational messages hereafter be called "tadpole telegrams."

☞ There are seven daily newspapers published in Boston at present, and this is but half the number that city boasted many years ago. Philadelphia has eleven daily papers and New York has thirteen.

☞ A few days since, a farmer in Oswego county, New York, who was working in a hay field, stopping to rest for a moment, took a piece of sword grass in his mouth and was strangled to death by its becoming entangled in his windpipe.

☞ Wedding Anniversary.—Perhaps the most remarkable wedding anniversary on record has just been celebrated at Olmutz, Bavaria. A landed proprietor of that place gave a fete in honor of his golden wedding, and the united ages of husband and wife amounted to two hundred years. He was one hundred and three, and she ninety-seven; and they were married in 1791.

☞ A Norwegian woman one hundred and five years old, and seventy eight of her descendants, are on the road to Utah. The old woman declares her intention of "setting her cap" for Brigham.

☞ A girl of fourteen years of age, in Indianapolis, was tickled by her mother the other day until she became exhausted, and finally, in struggling to free herself, burst a blood-vessel and died.

☞ Burned to Death on Horseback.—A woman in Ohio recently was riding on horseback, smoking a pipe. Some of the ignited tobacco fell from it on her dress, which immediately caught fire. She endeavored to extinguish the blaze, but her horse became unmanageable and whirled round rapidly, and in a moment she was enveloped in flames. There was no escape for her. She was burned to death.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The aggregate transactions in Flour this week have been moderate. About 9000 bbls changed hands at from $7.75 up to $8 ₩ bbl for superfine; $7.75 to 9.50 for old stock extra; $10 25 to 11 for fresh ground new Wheat do; $9 to 12 for low grade and choice Northwest extra family; $13 to 14 for fancy. Rye Flour sells at $5.75 to 6.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat have been small. About 2000 bus were sold at $2.70 to 2 85 for good and choice new red; $2 50 to 2.55 for common and fair quality; $2.12½ to 2 40 for spring; $2 80 to 3 for white. Small sales of Penna Rye at $1.06 to 1.08, and Southern at $1. Corn; sales of 18,000 bus at 65 to 66c for yellow, and 61 to 63c for mixed. Oats.—About 3000 bus new Delaware and Maryland sold at 40 to 43c.

PROVISIONS.—There has been a steady trade doing. Sales of new mess Pork at $31,25@31,50; prime mess at $30, and prime at $27@28. Sales at $18@23 for western, and $21@25 for city packed. Beef Hams are held at $48@49. Bacon.—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 22@26c; sides at 20@20½c, and shoulders at 17½@17½c. Green Meats.—Sales of 400 tcs hams, in pickle, at 20c, and shoulders, in salt, at 16½c. Lard.—Sales of bbls and tcs at 21@22c, and kegs at 23c. Butter.—Small sales solid packed at 31@33c, in kegs. Cheese is quiet at 17@19c. Eggs sells at 25@27c.

COTTON.—Sales of 1170 bales middling upland at 34@35c, and New Orleans at 37 to 38c.

BARK.—Sales No 1 Quercitron at $34.

BEESWAX.—Yellow sells slowly at 40@41c.

COAL.—Trade is dull. Cargo sales of Schuylkill white ash at $5.25 to 5,75; red ash at $5 to 5,25; Nut $4,25, and Broad Top at $5.50 ₩ ton.

FEATHERS.—Sales of 3000 lbs western at 60@63c ₩ lb for common and choice quality.

FRUIT.—Green Apples.—Sales are making at $2,50 @5 ₩ bbl.

HOPS.—Small sales of new Eastern and Western have been reported at 40@70c.

PLASTER.—The last sale of soft was at $4,25 ₩ ton.

SEEDS.—Clovereed sells at $6.50 to $7 for 64 lbs., New Timothy at $4.50 to $5,50 ₩ bus, and Flaxseed at $3,40 to $4 50 per bus.

SPIRITS.—N. E. Rum meets a steady inquiry at $2,52@2,55. Whiskey.—Sales of Pennsylvania at $2,32 and 100 bbls Ohio at $2,35.

TALLOW.—City manufactured sells at 12½@12½c and country at 10½@11½c.

WOOL.—The market continues dull. Sales of 260,000 lbs common and quarter blood at 57@61c, and half blood and fine at 62@67½c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2300 head. The prices realized from 17@17½ cts ₩ lb. Cows brought from $50 to 80 ₩ head. Sheep.—6,000 head were disposed of at from 6@6½c ₩ lb. 1895 Hogs sold at from $15,00 @15,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.

This may certify, that I have used Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer in numerous cases, and believe it to be a very valuable medicine. I have prescribed it extensively in bowel complaint (particularly for children), and it is in my opinion superior to any preparation I have ever used for the relief of that disease.

When given to children I have combined it with the syrup of gum-arabic, say ten drops to a teaspoonful of the syrup well mixed. Dose, more or less, according to the age. Others have mixed it with milk and molasses, equal parts.

aug25-2t A. HUNTING, M. D.

No Disappointment. Never Fails.

"Itch"	Cures in from 12 to 48 hours.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Swayne's Ointment	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Swayne's Ointment	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Cures	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Itching Piles,	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Salt-rheum Scald-head, Rash,	"Tetter."
"Itch"	all Skin Diseases.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Price 50 cents.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	By sending 50 cents to	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Dr. Swayne & Son.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	No. 330 North Sixth St., Phila.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	A box will be sent by mail, post-	"Tetter."
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	Sold by all the leading Druggists.	mar24-eowtf

Moth and Freckles.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2.

je16-6m

Holloway's Pills.—Discernment.—Unlike other specifics in common use which act as mere temporary stoppers Holloway's Pills seize on the seat of the disease and exterminate its primary cause—by invigorating the digestive organs, stimulating the liver, purging the channels and purifying the blood, they promote a speedy restoration of health and vigor. In biliousness sick headache, acidity of the stomach and depression of spirits, they are equally efficacious. Sold by all Druggists, at 25c., 62c., and $1 per box.

℞ Take AYER'S PILLS for all the purposes of a purgative, for Constipation, Indigestion, Headache and Liver Complaint. By universal accord, they are the best of all purgatives for family use. aug25-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. Edward Bowman to Miss Lizzie W., daughter of Saml W. Abel, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. T. L. Murphy, Mr. Henry K. Plumly to Miss Mary P. Shoemaker, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Vaughan Smith, Mr. James Smith to Miss Annie Dougherty, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. Harris L. Webber to Miss Mary J. Snider, both of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. J. D. Long, Henry C. C. McCarthy to Miss Mary A. McCauley, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Shrigley, Mr. Charles P. Mulligan to Miss Mary Prentz, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. Margaret Miller, aged 50 years.

On the 13th instant, Hannah Bonsall, in her 74th year.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. Johann, wife of Louis Pott, aged 62 years.

On the 19th instant, Elizabeth Marshall, in her 87th year.

On the 12th instant, Mr. Edward Ewell, in his 60th year.

On the 11th instant, Rosanna H., wife of Mr. Daniel Hicks, aged 31 years.

On the 11th instant, Charlotte A. R. Beck, in her 21st year.

On the 10th instant, Frederick Shaw, in his 53d year.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

"Harvest Time,"—the harvest time of life, as well as of the season—is the appropriate steel engraving of the August number of this beautiful periodical. The double and finely colored steel fashion plate is a gem, as usual. Then we have the usual number of wood-cuts illustrating the "Street Arabs," and the latest fashions in dresses, bonnets, hats, &c. The music is the song of "Childhood and Home." Among the literary contributions, we note "One Summer's Romance," by Clara Augusta; "The Banshee," by Mrs. Hosmer; "The Disputed Patrimony," by Auber Forestier; "The Distressed Bachelor," (concluded,) by Mrs. Oliphant; Novelties, Receipts, Fashions, &c. Price $3.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. Specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

English Cheese.—In describing his visit to one of the best "single Gloster cheese" farms, Mr. Willard says, "a cheese dealer from Bristol, who was present with us, made a test of the cheese by *walking upon them* as they lay spread out upon the floor, which we were assured was the usual method of determining their firmness or solidity. They stood the test of his weight and boots, and were pronounced one of the best dairies in Gloucestershire.

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By E. A. Pollard, the popular historian of the South, and Editor of the *Richmond Examiner* during the war. Complete in one large royal octavo volume, with 24 fine steel portraits, giving a full and authentic account of the rise and fall of the late Southern Confederacy—written under the encouragement of Generals R. E. Lee, Johnston, Beauregard and others. The work is being liberally patronized by leading men of all classes—eager to "hear the other side," and thus arrive at the truth of history, which it is impossible to do from the many histories written only from a Northern stand-point. Agents and the public are *cautioned* against any other work purporting to be this one. To energetic men and women a rare chance is offered to make money. Don't fail to send for circulars of this great and important work. Address E. B. TREAT & CO., Publishers, 654 Broadway, N. Y. aug25-2t

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Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

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☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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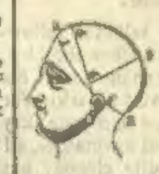
aug4-3m



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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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On Sundays—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Streets 45 minutes before departure of each Train.

Mann's Baggage Express will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A. M.
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PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5 50	"
PAOLI ACCOM, No. 3	" 7 30	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.50	"

*Daily, except Saturday. †Daily. ‡Daily, except Monday. All other Trains daily, except Sunday.

¶Running through from Philadelphia to Pittsburg and Erie without change of cars.

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The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract. ap7-9m

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Open Every Day and Evening all Summer.

Bodily exercise imparts health and strength, the best preventives against sickness during the coming summer. Classes for ladies—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, between 4 and 5 P. M. For boys—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, between 4 and 6 P. M. For gentlemen—every day from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M.

je23-3m Profs. HILLEBRAND & LEWIS.

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CHARLES DUMMIG & CO.'S MUSIC STORE,

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MAGEE'S PRINTING OFFICE, BLANK Book Bindery, STATIONERY STORE and ENVELOPE Manufactory, 316 CHESTNUT Street, Philadelphia. mar24-6m

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Barbarous Operation.

Two wags went into a Professor Durkin's barber shop in Troy, N. Y., the other day, and finding him out, concluded to run the shop on their own hook. One of the chaps sat down in a great easy chair, which is so much a part of a good shave, while the other boy rumed and pomaded him, and frescoed his pelt (he's baldheaded) in a right down barber style. Just as they were through with the operation a countryman came in, with a beard that "stood on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine." One of the operators invited him to a chair, and commenced the business of lathering him. It is needless to say that the work was most bunglingly performed—somehow the brush would run in the fellow's eyes and nose, and in his mouth whenever he attempted to say anything—until he had a foot or less of the creamy substance coated over his sun-browned visage. The thing had been going on some time, and it became necessary to begin the shaving operation pretty soon, as it was evident that horse wouldn't carry much longer. One of the chaps walked out, leaving the other behind. Says he, "I am only an apprentice—I lather and the boss shaves; he's just stepped out, gone in the next door, and I'll go and call him." Thereupon he left, too, leaving the countryman placidly reposing in the chair, his face covered with lather. The chap never returned, and how long the countryman remained in statu quo, waiting for the boss, is more than we can determine. We suspect, however, it will be some time before he again patronises that establishment.

The Stolen Goose.

The Baton Rouge Advocate tells the following: "Last week a case was up before the jury, and the District Attorney had exhausted all his eloquence in the attempt to convict a darkey for stealing a goose. The Judge was tired, the jury wearied, and the bar, officials and spectators, all hoped the case would be speedily closed; but they were doomed to disappointment. Up rose the old Major, the hero of a thousand contests at the bar, and for two hours a flow of eloquence poured forth upon the ears of the jury, evidently convincing them of the prisoner's innocence. Shrugs and gestures denoted that all they wanted was a chance to get out of the jury corner, and that goose, darkey, prosecutor, and all concerned might go to Guinea if they could only be released. The Major piled it on thick; he showed them law after law; read Supreme Court condensed decisions, referred to everything relative to geese, from the Roman time down to the present, and closed his brilliant appeal by calling their attention to the honest countenance of his client. 'Could such a man steal? The heavens forbid! Look at his face. You perceive sterling honesty in every lineament. Could you steal, prisoner at the bar? Could you steal a—goose?' 'Yes, sir, I did steal um; but I didn't eat um,' was the unexpected response, and the gallant Major, thunderstruck and exhausted, caved."

He Serenades.

Artemas Ward was out late one night recently. Here is his account of his return home: "It was late when I got home. The children and my wife were all abed. But a candle—a candle made from taller of our own raisin'—gleamed in Betsy's room; it gleamed for I. All was still. The sweet silver moon was a shinin' bright, and the beautiful stars was up to their usual doin's. I felt a sentymental mood still so gently ore me stealin', and I pawsed before Betsy's winder, and sang, in a kind of op'ratic voice, as follers, impromptoo, to wit:

Wake, Betsy, wake,
My sweet galloot;
Rise up, fair lady,
While I touch my lute.

The winder—I regret to say that the winder went up with a vi'lent crash, and a form in spotless white exclaimed: "Come into the house, you old fool! To-morrer you'll be goin' round complainin' about your liver!"

How Truly Sweet.

"The Dunmow Flitch is offered to happy couples this year, Charles, love," said Emma to her young husband.

"I don't care," said Charles, gravely. "I could not in honor compete for it. You have to swear that for a year and a day you have never wished yourselves unmarried."

"And you could not say *that*, Charles?" said Emma, her large blue eyes preparing for a swim.

"Certainly not. I have often wished it."

"Oh, Charles!"

"Yes. Because then I could have married you again."

[*The rat would not interest a cold hearted public.*]

—*London Punch.*

Caught with a "Living Widder."

The elder Mr. Weller was caught in a railroad car with a widow. Here is his account of it:—

"It was on the rail," said Mr. Weller, with strong emphasis; "I was a goin' down to Birmingham by the rail, and I was locked up in a close carriage with a living widder. Alone we was; the widder and me was alone; and I believe it was because we was alone and there was no clergyman in the conweyance, that 'ere widder didn't marry me afore we reached the halfway station. Ven I think how she began a screaming as we was goin' under tunnels in the dark—how she kept on a faintin', hitchin' hold o' me—and how I tried to burst open the door as was tight locked and perwented all escape. Ah! it was a awful thing—most awful!"

The Right Man.

The late Sir Henry Smith, long M. P. for Colchester, was one of the tories of the old school; and among the advocates of reform his resolute opposition to all change gave him a reputation for folly and obstinacy which was not borne out by his real character. On one occasion he was canvassing in presence of numerous friends, and on asking a heavy-looking farmer for his vote, the man replied:—

"I'd vote for ye, Sir Henry, as usual, only you're such a fool."

"Fool, am I?" retorted Sir Henry; "then I'm the very man to represent you."

This shaft of wit penetrated the farmer's sconce, and with a loud guffaw he promised his vote.

A CAUTION.

This young lady fancies that the style of her hair is creating a sensation—perhaps it is!

Profits on Tea.

In the report of the Revenue Commission we find the following facts about the profits on tea:

The original price of good tea is about eighteen cents per pound. This is the "ship off" price. The Chinese producer does not get this. There is the export duty, tolls levied at the various stations on the way to port, expenses of packing, and the two or three profits accruing before the tea reaches the hands of the exporting merchant. Adding his profit, the price at a Chinese port of shipment is, as stated, about eighteen cents per pound for good tea. Staple grades of black Oolong tea are laid down in New York at about thirty cents per pound, free of duty—that is to say, "in the bond." This includes all charges, selling commission, freight, insurance, etc.; all over this price being profit.

The Commission state that the profits of the tea trade, after leaving the importer's hands, and before reaching the consumer, have been enormous. They add, that of the profit paid by the consumer not more than one-fourth reaches the original importer. Three-fourths of it stop in the pockets of the jobber and retailer.

The Commission tested this by the following case:—A pound of Oolong tea was purchased of each of two different and respectable grocers in New York, on the same day, at one dollar and a half per pound. This tea was immediately taken to one of the leading "tea-brokers," and valued by him at a market price of ninety cents for one of the samples, and ninety-three cents for the other. The market for tea at the time was steady, and had been so for months, gold also being steady at 146 to 147. The broker's valuation, returned to the commission on the samples submitted to him, was the price at which the tea would have been sold by the importer. The tea in question cost, say about eighty cents in currency, laid down in New York, duties and all charges paid. The importer's profits ranged from ten to thirteen cents per pound, while the balance of the cost to the consumer, amounting to fifty-eight cents, or seventy-two per cent. upon the cost to the importer, is cribbed by the jobber and the retailer. The commission say: "A condition of trade that admits such an iniquitous profit to be made out of the consumer certainly needs reformation."

☞ A Brahmin who had quitted his wife and this world, appeared at the gate of Brahma's paradise and asked for admission. The god inquired:—"Have you been in purgatory?" "No, but I have been married." "Come in, then; that is the same thing." Another defunct Brahmin made his appearance just at this moment, and asked Brahma to let him also into paradise. "Why," said the god, "have you been to purgatory?" "No, but neither had the last applicant." "Aye, true enough, but he had been married." "Then I am as good; nay, a better fellow than he is; I have been married twice." "Then clear out with ye; this is not your destination; paradise is not made for fools."

☞ If one pine tree makes pitch, how many will it take to make a pitcher? If one twinge of pain makes an ache, how many will make an acre? And if it takes four men two days to eat a ham, how many will it take to eat a hammer?

☞ The Cologne Gazette says that the 8,000 Bavarians who had been stationed at Sohlensingen drank, during their two and a half days' stay at that place, 90,000 quarts of beer.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One Year Onions.

"Of old time it hath been said" by seedsmen, market gardeners and others allowed to be competent authority, that onions of fair marketable size, cannot be grown in a single season much south of New York. The reason assigned is that the climate is too warm. That at least is a fallacy. We have seen famous one year onions grown in Florida, Louisiana, southern Texas and Mexico. Very fine onions are produced from seed in one season in Jamaica, Guadeloupe, and Trinidad. Large and superior flavored onions are raised from seed in one season in Venezuela, Brazil, and in Equador, along the Guayaquil river—always almost under a vertical sun. In the Azores, especially in the islands of Fayal, Flores, and Pico, seed alone is the source of onion crops, and larger or more delicious flavored onions are nowhere grown than are found on these islands.

Now as all these regions have a far higher temperature than that of all the mid-land territory of the United States, of course the climatic onion argument is erroneous. But fair sized, marketable and most excellent onions are grown in a single season here and there all through the middle and southern states, and in our opinion the practice of putting out sets to produce onions from, making much extra work and the cost of the crop double what it ought to be, besides occupying the land two seasons, is rather the result of a habit hard to reason our farmers and gardeners out of, than of any necessity.

We have a farmer friend in New Castle county, Delaware, who has grown his onions from seed in one season, and on the same ground, three sixteen years consecutively, and first-class onions they are too, always. Not the fiery, living lightning, rank, and biting like an Indian turnip, as all onions are more or less—generally more—that are raised from sets; but mild, sweet, and so pleasant that a raw one is rather palatable eating.

Within a week we have seen three onion crops of this season's growth, raised from seed sown in April, harvested and housed, and have no recollection of ever having seen any where finer onions. Larger ones we have seen in Wethersfield, Danvers, and the Azores, but never any more uniform in size or finer flavored. These three onion crops were grown on farms within the corporate limits of the city of Philadelphia. The practice of preparing the ground and mode of culture were in all cases the same as that of our Delaware friend, which is substantially as follows:—

No stable, or other coarse, unrotted manures are ever used. Bone meal, or some fine preparation of bone—the finer the better, is used at the rate of about three hundred and fifty pounds per acre at the time of sowing, with after dressings of salt, lime and ashes, in equal parts, at the rate of about one hundred and fifty pounds per acre, sown broad cast twice the season of growth.

The soil is spaded, or turned with the plough, late in the fall—in the spring as early as it can be worked it is either ploughed or spaded again, and rolled or harrowed till all lumps are reduced—sow in drills, fourteen to sixteen inches apart—cover half an inch—sow thick, and when the onions are about four inches high, thin to three inches apart, transplanting the extra bulbs in beds prepared for the purpose. In cultivating, draw the earth away from the bulbs, leaving them nearly on the top of the ground, and when the size of walnuts, lay over the tops all one way by using a thin, light board long enough to reach across the bed, and walking over each row. Laying down the tops in that manner cuts off the flow of juices at the break, holding them all on onion making account; and it is very probable that if this practice were to be generally followed, *one year* onions of fair size and far better in quality than we find any two year olds can be grown without difficulty almost anywhere in our country. The seed ought to be sown as early as the ground can be got in proper condition.

Feeding Plants.

A good many years since we became impressed with the idea that the popular practice of supplying plants with food sufficient at one feeding to last them through life, was a mistaken philosophy. Something like setting before a boy baby, the milk of half a hundred cows, expecting to make a man of him by *one feed*. A great deal of that supply of milk would inevitably be wasted—and a good deal of baby too.

In order to test the soundness, or explode the error, if it was one, of our, to us new idea, we commenced a series of experiments with corn, potatoes, field-root crops, and garden vegetables generally by feeding them frequently a reasonable supply as one would a pig, poultry, or any animal to be fattened, instead of chucking into the soil in bulk the fertilizing material all at once in the plant's infancy, and saying—There you have you provender all in a heap. Go into it and make yourselves great.

Experiments followed up faithfully for six years were satisfactory far beyond expectations. Better crops were made in almost every instance, and at a cost so much below that of the usual method of manuring that the excess of yield and saving in plant food paid four-fold the extra labor of application. Had we continued the avocation of practical agriculturist, our new method of feeding plants would never have been discontinued.

To the small grains, as wheat, rye, oats, etc., of course the practice cannot be conveniently applied. But in all planted or drilled crops, with meadows, pastures, and all garden-grown vegetables, it is probable that feeding plants as we do fattening animals is the better philosophy and more economical.

What of the Drought?

We hear frequent complaints of butter being up in the seventies again, more frequent ones from dairymen of burnt pastures, and cows going dry—from farmers, of corn and late potatoes singeing to death. But after all, the effects of the drought are not nearly so disastrous in all these regions, as we have all been fearing of late. Down in Delaware, and all along the sandy territory of West Jersey, there are a good many fields of late corn and potatoes, seriously ill—some hopelessly sick. But as a general rule through the eastern counties of Pennsylvania, the corn and potato crops "still live," and at this date are looking infinitely braver than any of us dared to hope for three weeks ago.

Philadelphia, Chester, and Montgomery counties have suffered considerably less from the effects of the drought than any other region we have been through.

Gathered Grains.

—— Notwithstanding our early agricultural reports, official, unofficial, and very fishy a good many of them, heralding the wheat crop as a bad failure, it is very generally conceded now that the crop this year will be more than an average one and a great deal better in quality than usual. The bread panickers sing small, and have adjourned the famine to June, 1867.

—— Pear trees this way—i. e., all around Philadelphia, are heavier fruit-ladened this year than we have ever seen them. But a great many pears are wormy, most of them late, and all, up out of all reason.

—— If some one will tell us all how we shall conquer these nasty, disgusting green worms that cut into nearly all our nice green-corn at the tips, we will (perhaps) club together and pension him handsomely for life.

—— We believe that eating onions, fried, boiled in milk, stewed down, or cut up raw in vinegar, is the best preventive of cholera and cholera morbus in this world. Is is doubtful if any habitual onion-eater anywhere was ever attacked by either of the scourges.

RECEIPTS.

Canning Corn.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Last year Madeline said in The Post: "Corn can be canned to keep," but did not recommend the process, as in order to have corn keep in cans it must be boiled from five to six hours, and after that cooking it is scarcely recognizable—tastes about as much like nice green corn as it does like last year's pea pods—no more so. The best canning establishments in the country have not succeeded in canning corn to keep but by boiling it to death and destroying the flavor of good green corn entirely.

I have canned corn that kept admirably eighteen months with only three-quarters of an hour's boiling. It was better flavored *kept* canned corn than any I have ever seen. But the process requires great care and considerable trouble, which many housekeepers will not practice, or submit to. Here is the formula:

The corn *must* be fresh from the field—the fresher the better. Strip the ears of husks and immerse them for two hours in a cold-water bath in which so much carbonate of soda has been dissolved that the hands placed in it feel slippery—say three ounces to a gallon of water. After soaking two hours, boil fifteen minutes in the same water. That hardens the grains so that they can be readily shelled. Wash off the ears in clear cold water, shell, and fill glass cans as full as you can pack it in with the hand, pour in a salt brine that will season the material suitably for the table. Then secure the covers, leaving a small vent for the escape of gas generated in boiling—place the cans in a kettle of cold water nearly covering them, heat gradually to the boiling point, and boil from thirty to forty minutes. Remove the cans from the water, cork the vent securely, seal with wax, set the cans in a cool, dark, dry place, and—this formula having been faithfully followed, I believe canned corn will keep in good condition as long as any other vegetable.

Dried Corn.—A plan easier, simpler, and every way, in my opinion, better than canning corn for winter use, is to dry it, as the Indians have done their winter supplies probably ever since the first squaw planted the first hill of Indian corn. Boil the ears ten minutes, then shell off the grains, roll with a rolling-pin, or something equivalent, vigorously, so as to crush the kernels. Then spread thin—not above half-an-inch thick, on boards, tins or pans, and dry, either in the sun or in an oven moderately heated, until the material is as dry and hard as rice. Put away, either in air-tight jars or close tin cans in a place free from dampness, and the corn will keep, if you keep bugs and worms and *cooks* out of it, always, I believe, and when soaked and cooked will be found nearly equal to the best newly-gathered green corn.

This is nearly all I know that is worth printing about canning and keeping green corn.

Madeline.

Gooseberry Wine.—Take twenty pounds of *ripe* gooseberries, mash them very well, add one gallon of water, and strain through a hair-sieve; throw the pulp into a gallon of fresh water, and strain as before into the first. Add to the juice fourteen pounds of good brown sugar, and when melted pour into a *five* gallon keg. Fill up the keg with water to within about two inches of the top—and set it in the cellar to work, leaving the bung out. In about a week it will have finished working—put in the bung loosely for a few days, then fasten it tightly, and let it stand for six months, when it may be tapped for use, but improves with age. The wine will work over, so the keg had better be set up so that something may be put under to catch the waste.

I. V.

Tomato Catsup.—Boil one peck of tomatoes (cut in slices) till soft; put them through a sieve, pouring one quart of vinegar over them; put the pulp without skins or seeds over the fire and boil till *thick*—then add a tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, one of black, one of cloves, one of mace, two of mustard, and three of salt—cork tightly. This will keep.

A Glance at the British House of Lords.

A correspondent abroad of the Providence Journal, in sketching a recent visit to the British House of Peers, says:

"The peers were lounging about in a careless manner with their hats on, and some of them very shabby at the best. In the strangers' gallery there were about a dozen persons. An Englishman at my elbow, who seemed to be pretty well acquainted with the leading personages, was kind enough to indicate them to me as they entered. When poor Lord Brougham tottered to his seat I was no longer surprised at his conduct during the American war. At the age of eighty, he is reduced to a condition of senility so melancholy, that I should think there was no extreme of folly which he was not capable of falling into. Let us forgive the poor old man, broken down with infirmities, both physical and mental, and remember only Henry Brougham in his best days. There he sat with his hat slouched over his eyes, wearing an old pair of Scotch checked trowsers, not a bit more decent than those worn by the hackney coachdrivers in Old Palace Yard. I did not expect to find so little affectation of dress among the first gentlemen of the Kingdom."

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 6, 11, 4, 12, 19, is something you should have if you have plenty of money.
My 15, 17, 13, 9, 8, 17, is a tumor that comes under the tongue.
My 7, 2, 10, 11, 12, 15, is a tradesman we could not well get along without.
My 14, 9, 19, 19, 12, 15, is an article of food.
My 8, 16, 18, 5, 8, is a follower of Diogenes.
My whole is an eminent poet.

Washington, D. C. L. E. CAMERON.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 1, 11, 11, 17, 2, 16, 24, 14, 28, is very painful.
My 10, 19, 26, 26, 16, 21, 2, is often profaned.
My 7, 16, 28, 13, 5, 9, is a species of plant.
My 17, 2, 22, 8, 13, is not to be trusted.
My 4, 14, 11, 28, 10, are worn by men and horses.
My 5, 20, 24, 18, 15, is a relative.
My 12, 8, 25, 4, 21, is an entertainment.
My 17, 11, 18, 27, is grudgingly given on bad roads.
My 27, 16, 6, 3, is very expensive when fine.
My whole has caused much rejoicing.

Bakerstown. E. J. GIBSON.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city in Italy.
A heathen god.
A shoe worn by the ancients.
The mother of the prophet Samuel.
The Muse who presides over dancing.
A schemer.

My initials and finals form the names of the rejected and accepted queens of Ahasuerus.

Franklin, Ill. EMILY.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in France, but not in Spain.
My 2d is in snow, but not in rain.
My 3d is in many, but not in one.
My 4th is in priest, but not in nun.
My 5th is in lover, but not in friend.
My 6th is in break, but not in mend.
My 7th is in night, but not in day.
My 8th is in December, but not in May.
My 9th is in Jew, but not in Turk.
My 10th is in church, but not in kirk.
My 11th is in listen, but not in hear.
My 12th is in afraid, but not in fear.
My 13th is in maiden, but not in girl.
My 14th is in ringlet, but not in curl.
My whole is one of Shakespeare's plays.

Germantown. CORA WALTERS.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two arrows are sticking in a circular target. Required—The probability that their distance apart is less than the radius of the target.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find two numbers in the ratio of 9 and 11, whose difference equals the cube root of the difference of their squares. H. R. SPINK.

Mason City, Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What number is that whose square root, cube root and fourth root are in arithmetical progression? MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the first thing young ladies do when they go to church? Ans.—Look out for the hymns (hims.)

☞ What building would be best suited for such a purpose? Ans.—A chapel of ease (he's.)

☞ When is Mr. Smith not Mr. Smith? Ans.—When he has lost a halfpenny, because then he's talesed—a brown (Mr. Brown.)

☞ Why will a sculptor die the most horrible of deaths? Ans.—Because he makes faces and busts (busts.)

Answers to Last.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Bacchus has drowned more than Neptune. ENIGMA—Major General Henry W. Slocum. CHARADE—Sea Moss, a name given to coral (Sea Moss.)

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM, same date:—871745 inches thickness of copper.—J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, June 23d, 16½ times.—M. Stevens and J. M. Greenwood. 17 times, H. R. Spink and J. S. Phelps.

☞ I notice a typographical error in the answer to my Probability Problem of June 24, published July 28. 57 1-5 cents should be 51 1-5 cents. Mr. Phelps's answer is erroneous.—Artemas Martin.

A Hint for Amateurs.—An Italian lady of title, an amateur, has lately shown the young who would sing, who cannot, and break down, the easy and effective way out of the difficulty. She was essaying a grand air at a soiree in high life, when she broke down and leans back in her chair. A crowd gathered round her and essayed to console her, when she languidly exclaimed, in Italian, "The passage is too beautiful; it takes away my senses and ravishes my soul. I cannot proceed farther."

☞ "I'm on the trail of a deer," as the fellow said when he stepped on the dress of a beauty in the street.